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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[SOLD.]

## HIS EVIL GENIUS.

### CHAPTER I.

Meditation here may think down hours to moments;  
Here the heart may give a useful lesson to the head,  
And learning wiser grow without its books.

It was on the Derby-day. I remember the Derby-day of the year.— Upon my word I cannot undertake to say what year to a certainty; although anybody of the most moderate pretensions to any knowledge or interest in sporting matters may within the next dozen pages or so, if he will only take the trouble to get on so far, find himself able to settle this important point without the least doubt or hesitation, though perhaps not altogether without some feeling of pity and contempt for me as an ignorant and simple individual.

I am fully aware of my own deficiencies in this respect, and must humbly confess that it is with a sort of feeling of being out of my proper place, and as though I were almost guilty of a liberty and an intrusion whenever I do venture to go down to Epsom, and to take my chance of seeing something of the great race of the year, from as good a place as I can manage to squeeze myself into the Grand Stand on the Derby-day.

Where in the whole world is to be found such another gathering together of the people?

Old friends and new, of all ranks of life, of all ages, and all degrees of acquaintance, collected from all parts of the three kingdoms—from all ends of the world, indeed, for that matter—recalling and renewing how many old associations, scenes, and recollections of every place one has been in, of every past year of one's life!

Here I have been on one side jammed by a sudden rush through the door against a noble duke, who, to my confusion, courteously apologises for temporarily

inconveniencing the "funny-bone" of my elbow with his august ribs; the next minute I am pressed flat, like one of the biffins of his own native county, against the broad waistcoat of honest old Tom Korderoy, the jolly Norfolk farmer, who, years ago, used to give me such capital partridge shooting when I was a private tutor's down in that county. Now, again, I cannot help trampling on the very heels of little Ghizler, with whom I have been "dead cuts," ever since I was compelled by a sense of public duty to corset him of neat practises at vint-et-un, at the chambers of a mutual friend in the Temple.

And there, hang him! pressing close upon me in the rear is another unpleasant acquaintance in the person of Mr. Buckram, my tailor, who, if everyone were to strictly insist upon claiming his own property, might even deprive me of the coat and et ceteras in which I am at this moment standing.

His present splendid appearance of a sporting gentleman at large hardly, I think, agrees with the touching appeal for a remittance received through the post from that worthy himself, only this very morning as I was starting from home; in which he alludes so feelingly to importunate creditors of his own, and engagements which must be met within twenty-four hours.

And so on all around, without enumerating more examples of the same kind, one sees closely packed on all sides men one meets with everywhere every day—men one never by any chance meets anywhere else—men one has not seen for years—men one thought, and had every reason to believe, had died long ago in India or New Zealand.

What a strange scene of jumble and crush and a regular pandemonium of excitement there is! At every successive recurrence of the day, how you are invariably told the same thing by everyone you run against in the same excited tone, that there will be, that there must be, that there are, twenty, thirty, fifty thousand more people come down this time than have ever been known before upon the course.

And as with the usual custom of public regulations of any sort in this happy and free country, as in each

succeeding year the numbers requiring to be accommodated increase, so of course it stands to reason that the space and accommodation, either by the encroachment of private boxes, or by cutting off half the lawn, or shutting off the best part of the balconies, or some other monopolising alteration, is by an inverse proportion decreased; so that those who, like my humble self, are not amongst the initiated, or, as I have already confessed, not quite at home in the midst of the crowd and turmoil, find themselves each year (literally as well as metaphorically speaking) rather more and more shoved to the wall.

But there, do we not all go down to the Derby to enjoy ourselves, and not to grumble? So let us make the best of circumstances, and feel as we ought, happy and pleased with everything.

Such, or something very like them, were the thoughts passing through my mind as, not having been able to make my way further than just through the passage leading from the staircase to the front of the Grand Stand, I found myself gradually squeezed closer and closer against the iron rails which divide what is left of the lawn from that portion exclusively devoted to the betting-ring.

I might have felt contented with my place, or at any rate resigned, had it not been for the propinquity of a most excitable and purple-nosed individual, who just at the other side of the railings seemed to take a malignant joy in bellowing into my very ears; so that besides the vibration of the interior arrangement of those organs from his stentorian tones, which were like the shrill tones of a cracked bassoon, I could actually feel my hair playing in the hot breezes of the wretch's poisonous breath, as louder and louder he poured forth the most reckless offers in regard to, "laying any amount of odds, against any amount of horses," which I, his next neighbour, or I suppose any other individual of the thousands within ear-shot might feel inclined to name, "Bar one." In that hideous war-cry or refrain of "Barr-r-r one" did he seem more specially to take delight, yelling it out as I have said with ever-increasing vehemence, frequently even without the foregoing, and as I in my

innocence should have thought, if for intelligibility only, necessary context.

Any chance of moving away seemed hopeless, willingly as I would have taken even an inferior position for seeing the forthcoming event, for we were literally packed like figs in a barrel, the broiling sun pouring down full upon our heads, and this horrible "Barr-r-r one" becoming more and more insufferable; when I felt a specially hard dig in the back with the point of an umbrella, so specially pointed indeed as to be evidently intentional and denoting friendly recognition or even intimacy.

On turning round, as well as under the circumstances I could manage any such movement, I to my great delight beheld—surely—my old friend and schoolfellow, Frank Lambard, nodding his head and grinning at me in my evident distress.

One moment's pause of consideration, scarcely amounting to doubt as to his identity—though the dear old fellow's cheery face was disguised with a more than ordinary abundance of moustache and beard, and what was still to be seen of his once clear complexion was now tanned dark as mahogany, there was no mistaking those sparkling eyes, and that rattling, hearty laugh—Frank Lambard himself, whom I had not seen, or even heard of, for years.

Here was an example apropos to my late reflections. What feelings and memories did that recognition immediately give rise in my mind's eye? Lambard, certainly, as the saying goes, is no chicken. Six feet one in his stockings, and broadly built in proportion. His name, even after this lapse of time, still ranks high amongst the demi-gods of dear old Eton. For two years captain of the eight, and nearly equally famous for his wiping in the playing fields; do they not still talk of his great fight on the Brocas with Jem Badger, the boat-race?—still point out the solid oak panel in the upper school through which he smashed his fist, and the iron window-bar, in the chapel staircase, twisted round, as you may see it even to this day, by the strong grip of Badger Lambard's mighty fingers?

For after that famous Brocas fight, as in the old days of chivalry the victors were accustomed to assume the honours and devices of those who had fallen before their prowess, even so had Frank Lambard's applauding peers and contemporaries conferred on their hero the style and title of his discomfited antagonist.

Even now—and more years than I begin to care to reckon, have sped by since that day—looking back, as I see him in memory, after the fight was over, examining his glass eye, which had been returned to him by an obsequious little courtier of a fourth-form boy—and in train trying to fit it back into its place: then flinging a sovereign (the only one he had) to the defeated cad, with an admonition to "get home, and learn not to interfere with a gentleman another time"—I would even now, I say, shout and cheer again, as we all shouted for and cheered him then till we were hoarse.

I could cry, as I should almost liked to have cried at the time, then and there, but was obliged to refrain, as having only just got into the fifth form—a position in life in which any such exhibition of excited feelings was of course entirely out of the question.

But to return after this digression, for which I must apologise, but positively could not help, when that scene recurred to my vivid recollection—could I possibly have been more fortunate than just at that time to have thus encountered, or rather to have been discovered as I was in that crowd by my friend Lambard, of all men in the world?

"Come here out of that, 'little one!'" he cried (I have not, I think, mentioned that I am myself rather under than above the average height: I was always, I might say, small of my age when a boy).

"Come out of that awfully bad place you are in there; stick to me, and I will see if I cannot manage to bring you down to the front, to see the great event. And seizing me by the arm, in a grasp like a vice, Lambard proceeded deliberately to work his way through the densely-packed crowd, partly by sheer weight, though no violence, and partly by persuasion, for he seemed to have a word and a joke ready for every one, whether he knew them or not.

We thus found ourselves, really to my astonishment, in no time close down to the front railings, in as good a place for seeing as if we had had the first choice of the whole enclosure, and had been there, like sons of the more prudent, since the earliest moment of admission in the morning.

"Now here we are, you see, and here we will abide," said my friend and leader, as I may well call him; "though you may come here and stand in front of me," gently handing forward a stoutish and short old gentleman, who was just commencing a remonstrance at this unlooked-for intrusion between himself and the course; "and what is more, sir, you will have no need to take off your hat, unless you prefer a coup-de-soleil, which would probably be

your fate—and a great pity, too, because you seem such a nice little round gentleman, and I can see perfectly well over you, and your hat and all into the bargain."

The little old gentleman thus benignly addressed was growing very red in the face, and though he took the place offered to him, seemed inclined to express some sort of resentment, or at least indignation at the familiarity; but Lambard, taking no further notice of him, was addressing himself to me again as "Little one," which from any one else I should certainly not have been inclined to allow, but well knew that upon him all remonstrance or expostulation on the subject would be utterly thrown away.

"What special interest have you in the Derby, my dear 'Little one?'" he inquired. "Come now, what will you give me for the ticket I have drawn in my club lottery?—a real genuine live horse, and an actual starter, too, I am told, though the odds are at something like sixty to one against him. You know nothing about the horses, you say? no more do I, my dear fellow. Have been away so long, and entirely out of the whole sort of thing, that until three days ago I do not think I have even heard the names of half-a-dozen of the favourites, and those only from what I picked up in the smoking-room of my club. I myself have long ago (luckily, I so far really believe,) established the firmest faith in my own special bad luck. So constant and invariable has mine always been, that no horse in which I was even remotely interested could by any possible chance hope to win. Indeed, I verily believe, that were I even to back them all, or to bet that one of the thirty starters must come in first to the winning post, they would somehow or other all contrive to break down, or else all thirty come in together in a dead heat. It is only a wonder to me that I should have drawn any horse at all—an actual live one, that is, whose name is on the correct card as a positive starter: but as I do not happen to have any sort of ill feeling against the owner of that noble quadruped, whoever he may be, and, as I say, I am morally certain that if I can possibly gain anything by it he has: not the vaguest chance of winning, partly moved by that truly generous and disinterested sentiment, and partly in consideration of my happiness in having thus fallen in with you, my dear 'Little one,' who are such an old and valued friend of days gone by, I will now offer that said ticket to you, to have and to hold for your own soul and special benefit, with all its advantages and chances of gaining the grand prize of no less than five hundred pounds, for that is the princely sum total to which the winner will be entitled, all for one guinea; by which transaction, besides the self-reward of performing a good deed in thus removing my spell of bad luck from I have no doubt, a well-trained and well-deserving animal, I shall at the same time honestly realise a whole shilling sterling by the Derby. It cost me one pound; and you shall have it, I tell you, for one pound one. So here you are, five hundred pounds actually going for one guinea only. Any advance on one guinea?—for one pound one shilling, is now offered this alarming sacrifice—going—going?"

"Done!" screamed a shrill pipe of a voice suddenly from behind. "I will give you a guinea for it."

Lambard was leaning with his arm on my shoulder while thus rattling on in his noisy way, and in an instant I distinctly felt a shock exactly like that of a powerful electric retort, catch him up as it were with a sharp and sudden check.

Turning round as I did instantly to look up into his face, to my surprise, I saw that his colour had changed to a ghastly paleness; and his eyes were fixed with the wild expression of a frightened horse upon a very small, strange-looking individual, who was working up towards us, literally in between the legs and coat skirts of the half-dozen people who were immediately around us.

Taking into account a disproportionately tall hat, and very extra high heels to his boots, the stranger thus approaching us could not have measured much more than four feet six or seven inches in height; but though no doubt a dwarf, his head and limbs seemed all in proportion, and symmetrically formed.

His features were common-place enough, though in the hasty glance I had at him, even in the astonishment of the moment I was struck with the extraordinary sly and malicious expression in his narrow little slits of eyes; and there was a most repulsively sarcastic grin about the sides of his mouth, as he made his way close up to us, half hesitatingly, and then as though pretending after a moment's doubt positively to recognise my friend, with:

"Ah! is it you really then, Lambard? It is so long since we have met, that I did not know you at first, though I thought I recognised the voice. I will take that ticket off your hands, since your friend here—Mr. Littleton, did you say?—with a half bow and a grin towards myself (confound his impu-

dence)—"does not seem to accept your handsome offer. You ought to give me the next refusal, you know, for I have become a near relation of yours since we last met. Bless me, how long it seems! A guinea you said, I think, didn't you? Thank you. If it should turn out to be the winner, it would have been a pity to have let the chance go out of the family, you know. Ha! ha!"

I feel that I cannot attempt to convey the look and manner of triumphant malignity with which these few sentences were squeaked out by this remarkable little party in the shrill tones of a cracked pitch pipe.

I again looked round to see what answer Lambard, who had just before been in such boisterous spirits, and so full of fun and chaff, would have ready for this impertinent fellow. To my great amazement, he seemed utterly spell-bound, with his eyes still staring fixedly, and an expression, not of amusement or even perhaps of scornful contempt which I might have expected, but of actual terror on his face. He made no attempt at any reply, but holding out the ticket which he had just before been waving about in his hand, exchanged it for the proffered coin without seeming to know what he was about; and then as if with a very strong effort over himself—

"For heaven's sake, my dear fellow, help me to get out of this," he said, in a deep hoarse whisper, "let us get away from here—anywhere."

And in the next moment, with a violent rush, he was pulling me along by the arm through the closely packed crowd, with tenfold the impetuosity with which we had so lately before made our way down to the front of the enclosure.

"Who is he? What is the matter with you, my good friend?" I gasped out, as we arrived almost breathless with the frightful exertion of fighting our way through that dense mass of obstructive humanity; and then for the first time the thought struck me, as not the least odd part of the affair was, that the strange little man should have been anxious to buy the ticket without knowing or even having asked what horse's name was upon it.

Lambard had certainly never proclaimed it. I was in the very act of asking him; for at the place to which we had then struggled in the doorway leading through into the interior of the stand, further progress was absolutely impossible.

"What horse was it, by the way, you thus parted with?" I was, I say, in the very act of inquiring, when arose the loud cry, "They're off! they're off!" "Hats off in front there, if you please. Hats off. Down there in front—get down."

A spasmodic movement runs through the whole dense mass, as every one of which it is composed makes a last simultaneous effort to better his chance of seeing. "Every man for himself," said the selfish individual; and then in another moment the whole of that vast multitude of thousands of human beings are held together in one strong, common feeling of interest and excitement.

A distant murmur from the further corner of the course comes rolling on, and gathering force like a huge wave of the sea, as it draws nearer and nearer, and then bursts into a gigantic roar, as the many-coloured phalanx, brilliant in the sun, flashes by like a meteor. There is a momentary lull of breathless expectation, and then a roar ten thousand times louder than before proclaims that number 16 has been run up at the signal-post; and the name of the fortunate winner (perhaps, as in the instance I speak of, hitherto comparatively unknown) is now repeated by ten times ten thousand mouths, all talking and hallowing at once; and before another hour has passed will be known, and again and again repeated, in every quarter of the United Kingdom.

"You were asking the name of the horse which was on that ticket, were you not?" said Lambard, in a hard and unnatural voice, through his tightly clenched teeth. "You may hear them shouting it."

"Caractacus?"

"Yes, that was it. He was, I believe, considered to be a hopeless outsider; but the moment I made it over to that fellow, I felt a conviction that that horse would win."

Then, with a fierce burst of execration, he turned, and rushed away through the buildings and out of the doorway on the other side.

I hardly knew why I felt so strongly impelled to follow him as I did. It was ridiculous to suppose that I could be of any help or protection to a great fellow like him, who was twice my own size, even if I had had time to reflect that there could possibly have been a need of anything of the sort.

If my motive was only a latent curiosity, or say interest, in the curious rencontre and scene which I had thus chanced to witness, I was not at the same time conscious of any such feeling.

But, heedless of the doorkeeper's friendly warning of having passed out without having taken a return-ticket, I ran out after my excited friend, who was

striding away straight down the side of the hill at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

He seemed surprised when, puffing and blowing as I was, I managed to bring myself sufficiently within ear-shot to shout to him to stop.

Again I noticed that same expression of wild fear pass over his face as he turned round to see who was in pursuit of him; but there was something of relief and satisfaction in his voice as he said:

"Oh! it's you, is it, Little 'un? Why, what on earth do you want or mean by running after me in this manner?"

I told him that it was so long since we had met that I did not want to lose sight of him directly again; but that if he liked I would walk with him, as I did not care to go back to the Stand, not to speak of having forfeited my right of re-entry.

"Are you man enough to walk across to Kingston?" he asked. "We shall get back to town more quietly that way, without the chance of again meeting anybody," he added, after a pause, "whom one does not care to meet. It is seven or eight miles across, and perhaps you may find the sun too warm."

It was, indeed, a piping hot day in June, and the road would be, I knew, over our very boots in dust; but the tone of doubt in which Lambard spoke decided me. So, only stipulating that he should lightly moderate the tremendous pace at which he had started, we stepped out without another word.

## CHAPTER II.

LAMBARD still for some time seemed to be brooding over the rencontre which had evidently so thoroughly upset him.

From at least a mile and a half we trudged on, side by side, in profound silence.

From time to time I noticed that he knit his brows, and clutched his stout oak stick in a tighter grasp, as though his thoughts were stern ones; when, quite suddenly, he pulled up, to ask me if I had ever heard of or believed at all in "Influences?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "What sort of influences?" I certainly should not have been influenced by you to have started on this frightfully hot and dusty walk of eight miles, if I had thought you were going thus to shut up and trudge on without exchanging a single word with an old friend, whom you have not met for so long."

To that remark of mine he only vouchsafed a laugh, something more like his own usual hearty manner; and then, as if dissatisfied with himself for thus retreating, assumed a starker aspect even than before, and we plodded on for another quarter of an hour in the same grim silence; then, just as suddenly as before, he determined to shake off his dark mood; thanked me warmly for the friendly feeling I had shown in coming so far with him, and without further preface there and then gave me a full explanation of what he meant by "Influences."

"Influences," he again repeated, solemnly, "such as those which, as sure as I am here walking by your side, were exerted over me by that loathsome little wretch to whom you saw me, in spite of myself, compelled to hand over that ticket—(though I feel even now that if I had kept it, the five hundred odd which it has gained, and of which, under existing circumstances, I should just now have been most specially glad, would never have come to me, so I put that out of the question, for the horse would not have won)—but whether, the influence of stars coinciding, or rather clashing, on our natures, or some of the spiritualist-memerie contrivances, I cannot say; but all I know for a fact is, that somehow or another that little toad"—(he seemed to find a different epithet to apply to his enemy every time it became necessary to recur to him)—"that little toad exercises a most unaccountable and irresistible influence and control over me and my actions."

"You may smile," he went on, bitterly; but though I can in no way explain or even describe it, I have myself as little doubt of the fact, as that I have a soul to be saved. Avoiding—flying from that fellow, as I have always done—he has turned up against me continually; and though accidental as our meetings at all sorts of times and places have often seemed to be, I have invariably had immediate reason to regret and abhor the very sight of him; and although, as witnessed by yourself to-day, I could not actually prove any premeditated evil in this instance, yet I believe him to be and instinctively shrink from him as malicious and wicked a little monster as ever trod this earth.

"His name, you ask? His name is Gorles!" Lambard quite yelled in answer to my simple and very natural inquiry.

And then there rushed forth a volley of ugly words and sentiments, in a tone which caused a poor husbandman to start with astonishment, just as he had

put his head over the hedge to respectfully ask if he could tell him what horse had won the Derby.

Blank dismay was depicted on that honest rustic's countenance as, civilly touching his forelock, he replied:

"Oh, Gorles, was it? Thank ye, gentlemen, I don't think I'd ever heard tell of that name, though, as a favour—its!"

And by his expression of face, I could see that he evidently thought that one of us must have stood heavily against the said strangely-named but fortunate winner.

At any other time how "old Lambard" would have laughed at and enjoyed the poor fellow's mistake! but he was just then too much preoccupied with anathematising his enemy, and then went on to answer the continuation of my inquiry.

"How long have I known him? Ever since I first went up to Eton. That was the last Montem year, which was, I think, two or three years before you came up there. Strapper as I am now, I was a very little fellow, small of my age, and was at first placed far down in the lower part of the school; and Gorles, strange as it seems to look back to, who was high among the upper forms, was the head boy, or captain, as we used to call them, you remember, of my tutor's house, was then what seemed to me ever so much bigger than myself. I remember considering him quite a big fellow—fancy."

"I had not been at the school above two or three weeks, when having been ordered up one morning with half-a-dozen other clever boys to breakfast-fagging at the captain's mess, Gorles, who had never yet exchanged a single word with me, or, as might have been supposed, even noticed my existence, walked round to where I standing, and bringing his odious face close down to mine, with that same satanic grin which you may have observed to-day, and which I have never had out of my mind from that day to this, deliberately took aim with his clenched fist, measured his distance, and then, without the slightest cause or provocation, struck me with all his might on the spot covered by about the third button of my waistcoat."

"By all the pepper of the Lambards! this was more than I could stand. Like a young tiger cat, I was at him in an instant, and I felt my little fist go smash into his grinning face with all the power, such as it was, childish, of course, but with the good-will that fury and indignation could lend to it."

You who remember the strict rules of public school discipline, and how utterly unheard of such an atrocity as a fag—a new lower boy—to dare to raise his fist against a fifth-former, and ought to be, can appreciate the astonishment and consternation of my surrounding fellow-fags, not, perhaps, unmixed with suppressed delight.

Though probably such feelings on their part were as nothing compared with those of the cowardly little bully himself, who could never have dreamt of such quick returns to his unprovoked assault.

But I gave him no time to think, for in at him I went "hammer and tongs," and so, with right on my side, I called to mind and felt I was acting up to the last words of advice my poor dear old father had given me, when shaking me by the hand as he had left me by the door.

"Never tell a lie, my boy," he said; "never tell tales of your schoolfellows, and never take a blow from any of them, great or small, without returning it, if given for nothing!"

And although this last did not, it is true, quite answer in this instance, I think, as a general rule, it was good counsel, founded on a sound knowledge of human nature.

Depend upon it none but a rank coward at heart will ever strike a little fellow for nothing; and if you stick up to him (my father had himself been at Eton, and kept many of his old school expressions through life), ten to one he will leave you alone for the future, even if you get the worst of it for the time. You can but have a licking after all, while you have given back at least something in return; and one good fight against odds will save you from scores of bullyings, if not lickings, which, I dare say, you will deserve!

And so as this idea flashed through my mind, at him I went; and when he tumbled backwards over his breakfast-table, amidst a smash of crockery, as he did—more, I suppose, from surprise than under the actual force of my sudden attack—I flung a sausage-dish at his head; and it was well for him that it smashed against the opposite wall instead of its intended object.

But short was my triumph, for he was up again directly, and springing at me, we closed and tumbled over together; when, although I kicked away at his shins as hard and as long as I could, yet having got me under him and sitting astride my chest, he seized me by my ears and was pounding my poor little head against the floor, till I really believe he would have killed me if Mary Anne, the boys' maid, had not

rushed in and rescued me but not before I was just senseless: and so for nearly three days I lay in my turn-down bed, queer and delirious.

Indeed I believe it was even longer than that time before I could appreciate the visits and lavies of friendly lower boys to my room, and understand entirely their reports of how Gorles had been sent up to the doctor, and though he had escaped a flogging, had been turned down into the lower division for the rest of the half.

That he had also been mobbed and publicly hoisted in the school-yard; which led to further and confusing discussions whether with such demonstrations of public sympathy towards myself, I should have still to undergo 'a college hiding' in long chamber for hitting an upper boy; to which awful penalty I had no doubt rendered myself in strict law liable; but, under the circumstances, whether it would be carried out. And then followed other wonderings and serious topics which are wont to obfuscate the lucid brains of each succeeding generation of small boys while still in a fourth-form state of development.

The fact is, that when I recovered and was 'in school' again I found myself, if not quite a hero, at least famous, and the object of a 'sensation' as they call it now-a-days.

And so far let me here mention that I found the parental advice proved right after all; for in the whole course of my time at Eton, which was, I should say, as happy and jolly a one as perhaps any one of the many thousands who had been through the same, I never once had occasion for another fight—or, I think, received a gratuitous licking—from that day, until of course my mill on the Brocas, just before I left, with the Badger.

But now to return to Gorles, and what I was going to tell you.

On the second or third night, as I lay still confused and but half sensible from the effect of the pounding my poor little head received—they have always tried to persuade me that it was a dream and delusion—but I know better, and as true as I am here in this dusty road telling you, so am I sure and ready to swear that what I now relate to you is a positive fact and no delusion.

I will allow that I had been asleep for some little time before, but was quite wide awake—broad awake—and distinctly heard the college-clock chime the four quarters, and then strike one—two—three, when I became conscious of a heavy pressure on my chest; and, how he came there I cannot say, but there was Gorles, partly dressed, astride as he had sat on me when he banged my head, and his mouth was close down to mine, as I lay there helpless on my back; and he was either breathing into, or, as my impression was then, and still is, himself inhaling my breath with great deep sucks.

Our eyes met; there was a dim light burning in the room, and for what, certainly as I look back seems an interval of some minutes, there he was and continued his operation, while I could feel my heart, thump, thump, thumping, like the pendulum of a great church clock.

As to the exact duration of time, I may be under a delusion; but as to the fact I am so certain and positive, that I could swear to it with my last breath.

I was powerless. I tried to struggle, and did my best to cry out, but without avail, as one feels in a nightmare—and yet that was no nightmare or sleeping imagination—it was fact.

It was Gorles who himself broke the silence first, as he again seemed to inhale with special force at my heavy breathing, for he muttered to himself as it were, "There is real spirit here, and it shall serve me through life."

Then it was that, with a redoubled strain, I found utterance for my voice, and with a loud cry of agony roused the whole house.

It seemed in less than an instant that my room was full of boys in their night-shirts, some looking frightened out of their wits, some laughing while their teeth were chattering with cold, others angry and beginning to abuse me for disturbing them from their warm beds; and a comical figure old Mary Anne the boys' maid looked, wrapped tight up in her counterpane like a mummy, though I was then, heaven knows, in no state to much appreciate the absurdity of her appearance.

I was nearly wild with terror, and Mary Anne, who, as you may remember, was apt to be sharp and handy enough with her tongue as a regular rule, was quite gentle with me; and when she had cleared the room, and driven all the other fellows back to their beds, she tried to soothe and comfort me almost as if I had been a baby in arms.

No one would listen to my account of what really had made me cry out; no one would believe a word of it, all declared that Gorles had never been to my room; indeed, was the only one in the house who had not joined the rush to see what was the row. One or two at first had so far corroborated my statement as to agree that they thought they had heard the

noise of some person running by, and the slam of a door at the end of his passage.

But when, after a parley as to the propriety of invading the captain's room at such an hour and on such an unlikely charge, some of the elder fellows did go in to satisfy themselves, Gorles was in bed and fast asleep.

That is, of course, shamming to be so, the only soul in the house who had been entirely undisturbed by my shriek.

I was very ill, indeed, after that night; delirious, I believe, at times, and by night and day haunted by visions of my tormentor.

I shudder even now to look back upon the rage and misery it used to put me into when I found that no one would listen for a moment, firmly and unchangeably as I stuck to my account of the visitation and unhalloved operation I had undergone from that abominable little vampire.

Gorles himself, when told of my accusation against him, never would deny it, though he, of course, never admitted it; but, always grinning with an evil expression of malice, seemed rather to vaunt himself and be rather pleased than not at the horrible idea.

I could not myself understand or attempt to define, but with all my soul I dreaded the spiritual power which I intuitively felt that Gorles had gained over me.

For hours together, long after I had recovered and was all right again, I used to brood over and wonder in what shape I should begin to be actually conscious of his influence; but it steadily grew and increased upon me.

(To be Continued.)

#### LITTLE ATTENTIONS.

ANALOGOUS to the soft answers which turn away wrath are the little attentions which put crusty folks into good humour, raise the spirits of those drooping, limp, and tender souls in whom are combined the two qualities, so disastrous when in combination, of love of approbation and want of self-esteem; and oil the wheels of life and the hinges of society everywhere. Easy to render and gladly received, these little attentions are of the nature of those investments which, for small capital and no risk, give large dividends and good increase.

The occasions in life when we are called on to make substantial sacrifices for others and to perform acts of heroic kindness are rare; but the occasions when we can show little attentions and do small human charities occur every day in the week, and almost every hour in the day.

It is no very great act of self-denial to draw your mother's chair to the fire if it is cold, to the window if it is warm; to remember her foot-stool; to open the door for any lady leaving the room—for the matter of that, to open it for a heavily-laden servant, trying to make her foot do the work of a hand, and running the risk of smashing a tray-full of crockery in the attempt; to pass the little moveables at table without being asked—that passing evidence of your attention to their wants and proof of your thought of them more than for yourself; to turn over pages of the music when someone whom you do not care for is singing a song that you dislike or playing a piece of music that sets your teeth on edge; to do, in short, any of those numberless little acts of courtesy which all strange men, if moderately well-bred, offer to women whom they scarcely know and for whom they do not care, but which the boys and men in a family do not always offer to the mothers, wives, and sisters, whom yet they dearly love and would defend from substantial harm with their lives.

We have said it more than once, the danger of our English home is that brusqueness of freedom, that impoliteness of security which creeps like mildew over the substantial friendship and familiarity of the life. We grant all the value and virtue of the English home, both in its ideal and in its ordinary realisation. Claustrophobic, safe, untouched by the outside world, it has all the safety of an asylum, all the sweetness of a sanctuary; but at the same time we cannot shut our eyes to its defects, and we do not wish to flatter its faults. And the want of a politeness in small things is the main defect of the middle-class English home.

Boys are rude and girls are snappish, the authorities are domineering and the subordinates defiant, not from ill-feeling, but from want of politeness, and that indifference to manner which marks so many of our nation. No one thinks it worth while to pay each other for love, the little attentions which they would be ashamed not to give for politeness to the merest stranger in the world. Half a dozen will talk all at once, and no one thinks it worth while to listen to the other. Even mamma herself says something—but the day

is hot, the girls are cross and the boys are moped, and no one takes any more notice of her than of that stupid Clara, or pays more attention to what she says than if the Skye had barked or puss had mowed. Then mamma is angry, and fires up against them all round, when they look from one to the other and say, in eloquence of eyes if their lips are dumb, "How cross mamma is to-day, and all about nothing!" They do not think to add, "How wrong, as well as how ill-bred and thoughtless, we were not to pay her the respect and little attention of listening when she spoke, and so preventing her annoyance and this outbreak."

#### DREAMLAND.

Midnight's shadows softly creeping  
O'er woodland, hill and glen;  
Silent watch the stars are keeping  
O'er the sleeping sons of men.  
All so calmly, sweetly sleeping,  
Dreamland's brightness from them sweeping  
All remembrances of weeping  
For the joys that might have been.

Glorious dreamland! Nymphs are twining  
In the flowery landscape fair;  
Wreaths of hope for those who're pining  
Joys for ever past to share;  
Cherished forms—thy gates confining,  
Long lost treasures brightly shining;  
Hidden gems thy light divining,  
Pain would we be always there!

But, when morning dawn is breaking,  
Driving darkness far away,  
Let our feet, thy land forsaking,  
Back to life's rough pathway stray!  
From thy fairy visions waking,  
Stern reality partaking,  
Though, perchance our hearts are aching  
Neath the burdens of the day.

But e'en then we catch the gleaming  
Of thy light upon our way;  
Often times thy radiance streaming  
Adds new lustre to the day;  
Though we call it "idle dreaming,"  
Yet is not this transient gleaming  
Foretaste of the glory beaming  
In the realms of endless day?

To these golden visions clinging,  
Floating emblems though they be,  
Of that land each day is bringing  
Near and nearer you and me,  
Thus our thoughts may e'er be winging  
Upward to the angels singing  
To the joyous anthems ringing,  
In the far off, vast "To be."

X.

#### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

##### THE DRAMA.

##### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ALL the play-going notabilities that remain in London at this "off-season" appeared to be congregated in the pit-stalls and boxes of the Haymarket Theatre on Monday, September 11th, the occasion being the first representation of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's new play, bearing the somewhat quaint title of "Dan'l Druce, Blacksmith." Mr. Gilbert has written so well that his later productions are subjected to "odious" comparison with his former efforts. Hence, doubtless, some portion of the dispraise which some were inclined to express with a play which, whatever its other demerits, has many striking examples of the author's tact, talent, poetic expression and well sustained dialogue. Mr. Gilbert admits himself that "an incident in the first act" was suggested by the story of "Silas Marner," and those well acquainted with the history of the Waverley weaver will find more than one point of similarity between the drama and the tale. In Mr. Gilbert's play the main interest centres in Jonas Marple (Mr. Hermann Vezin), who is deserted by his wife some time before her confinement, her seducer being unknown to him. Driven to despair by the loss of his wife (whom he rather unnaturally continues to "bless") and of the child whom he has never seen, he cuts himself off from the world by reporting himself to be dead. His brother Marple (Mr. Braid) tries to gain him back to society, but is determinedly repulsed. Jonas Marple lives in a lonely hut on the coast of Norfolk, as "Dan'l Druce." We ought to mention the period of the

play is that of the Commonwealth, just after Charles's escape from the ruinous defeat of Worcester. Sir Jasper Combe (Mr. Howe) and his companion Reuben Haines (Mr. Odell) are Royalist fugitives from the pursuit of the Cromwellian troops. Reuben Haines has in his charge a young child. Sir Jasper engages Dan'l Druce and his host to carry him over to France, but Dan'l betrays him, and instead of bringing in the food he had pretended to go for he brings back with him some Commonwealth soldiers to arrest the fugitives. Dan'l Druce is a miser, and has hoarded up some gold under a board which Sir Jasper discovers, by chance, and he is about to put the treasure back when Reuben Haines finds out that they are betrayed. The treasure is abstracted, the child placed where it was hidden, and Sir Jasper and his faithful sergeant get off beyond reach of gunshot by the time the soldiers arrive. The act-drop falls on the discovery of the child and the loss of the treasure, and Dan'l Druce breaks out into a most pathetic but, we must submit, unnatural paroxysm of love for the foundling, treating the money loss in a very cool way for a confirmed miser. In the next act Dan'l Druce is humanised and civilised, and has named his infant waif "Dorothy," after his lost wife. Dorothy, who was carefully played by Miss Marion Terry, grows up and is made love to by Geoffrey Wynyard (Mr. F. Robertson), a sailor, and Dan'l Druce is much troubled. He finds that Dorothy is his landlord's child (Sir Jasper Combe), to whom the ex-sergeant Reuben Haines is now steward, and here some good situations, which we have not space to detail, occur. Reuben Haines offers to keep the secret about Dorothy if Dan'l will give him her hand. Dan'l seems to consent, but Dorothy indignantly refuses the rascally steward. Sir Jasper claims his daughter, but it is found that he is the betrayer of Jonas Marple's wife, and that Dorothy is the pseudonymous Dan'l Druce's own daughter for whom he has been treasuring up such a wonderful store of affection. The pardon of repentant Sir Jasper Combe, the reconciliation of the undivided lovers, and the degradation of the villainous Reuben Haines brings the piece to a happy conclusion. There is a well-written scene at the end of Act I, and another where Dan'l takes a farewell of Dorothy towards the close of the play, supposing he is about to leave her for ever. Another light and amusing scene was that of a Puritan lovemaking between the sailor Geoffrey and Dorothy. Mr. Howe's Sir Jasper was capitally made up, both as the fugitive Royalist officer and the now elderly and dignified baronet. Mr. Vezin was deservedly called several times, as also the author, at the close of the play. We cannot predict for "Dan'l Druce" a career as lengthened and successful as "Pygmalion." The scenery, by Messrs. O'Connor, Hall, and Morris, was appropriate and picturesque.

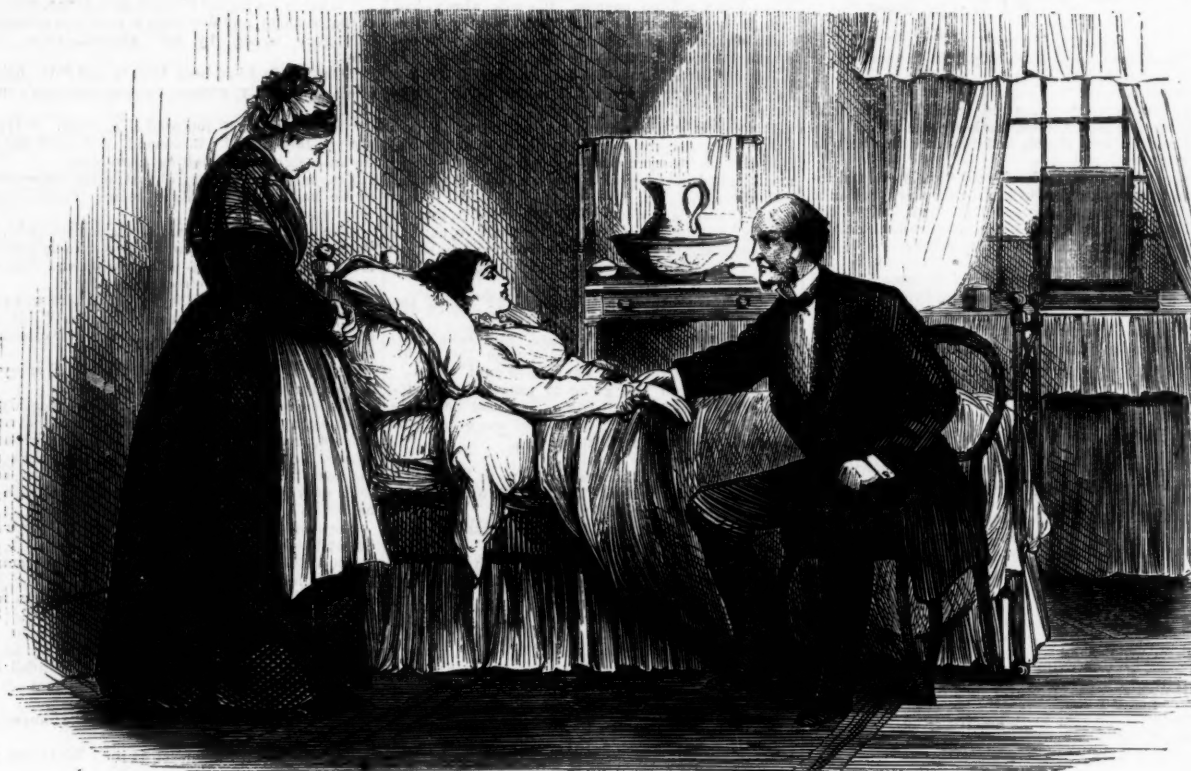
##### STANDARD THEATRE.

It is a healthy sign when the taste of playgoers, palled with the high-spiced exaggerations and feeble violence of overdone French sentiment and melodramatic exaggeration, return to Shakespeare and our vigorous early dramatists with zest. For the past fortnight good houses have shown their just appreciation of good acting, and the higher class of poetry, exemplified by one of the few sound and studious Shakespearean actors yet remaining to us—Mr. William Creswick. When we say one of the best, we, perhaps, require correction. Viewing Mr. Phelps as retired, Mr. William Creswick is the only legitimate actor of that school wherof Kean, Kemble, and Macready were the exponents. Hamlet, Melanthus in "The Bridal," Lear, Claudio Melnotte in the "Lady of Lyons"—Mr. Creswick's finished impersonations of these great parts have been nightly honoured with enthusiastic calls before the curtain, and warm applause from attentive and discriminating audiences.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Our notice of the "Water Carrier" and the opening of the English Opera Company at the Lyceum, is unavoidably postponed until next number.

##### ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company on Thursday opened the season for Operas in English with "La Sonnambula." We have noticed the opening of the season at the Lyceum Theatre in another place. The opera at the Alexandra on Saturday was "Maritana." On Thursday and Saturday the Great Wrestling Display by the French wrestlers now in this country was an exceptional attraction. Brookmann's wonderful trained animals, so long a source of amusement to children and those of "a larger growth" have departed, we believe, for Berlin.



[JANET FALLS INTO GOOD HANDS.]

## THAT YOUNG PERSON.

By the Author of "Basil Rivington's Romance," etc.

### CHAPTER XI.

GERALD wildly seized her hand.

"You shall hear me this once!" he said. "Why, in a moment of anger, will you wreck our whole future? I have been wrong, wicked, mad, but the punishment you inflict exceeds the offence."

"I do not punish. You have wished for wealth. I leave you free to enjoy it. Mr. Duncan, release my hand."

He saw she was determined and obeyed her. Slowly and reluctantly she was sweeping past him without a word. Before she reached the door his voice stopped her:

"Nettie, I have been a dishonourable scoundrel; I deserve whatever may befall me, but don't leave me like this. Child, it is our farewell for always. You have ruled it so, and don't let me have to remember you only by bitter words and cruel truths. If only for the sake of one who loved us both, say good-bye to me!"

"You are not worthy to take his name on your lips!"

"I know it. You will be amply revenged, Nettie. Even in this moment, I feel as if the riches for which I had sold myself, were but as dead sea fruit beneath my feet?"

"What would you have me say?" she moaned. "That I forgive you!" The words would be a mockery. I can't forgive the treachery that has destroyed my faith in everything. Do you want me to wish you happiness? You're sure to have it, since your idea of it is riches, and you marry an heiress!"

"Nettie!"

"Be kind to her; don't wreck her life, as you have wrecked mine."

She left the room with a strangely composed step. She returned to the boudoir with the same awful calmness.

She found its mistress had long since retired, and so she reached her own room, and sank trembling on a chair, mind and body overwrought by the horrors of that evening.

Her head swam; she could hardly raise it. Tears would not come.

The indignant pride that had supported her gave way, and she sat in a dull stupor of grief.

She could not cry, although her eyes burned like fire.

It was past midnight, but she had no thought of going to bed; she sat on, her face buried in her hands; almost without the power to think.

What need had she to think?

Gerald was false—her past had been a dream—her future would be a blank.

By-and-bye there came to her the certainty that she could not remain in Grosvenor Gardens. Not all Mrs. Wild's kindness, not all the advantages of that easeful house, could have nerved her for the sight of Gerald as Rosamond's lover, hourly and momentarily to witness the preparations for their marriage would have driven her mad.

She must flee at once, without giving her employers the opportunity of questioning her.

Lonely, helpless, the one person she could think of was Susan Crapps.

Her old nurse would receive her in her misery. Perhaps it wouldn't be for long.

Perhaps this dreadful disappointment that had taken all her happiness would take her too!

Of what good was her life? Who would be sorry if she were to die?

The night seemed endless to Janet, alone in her sorrow.

She felt as though she had lived a year since the day before.

When the clock struck six, and she knew that to escape observation she must go at once, she left nothing that could betray her secret.

Gerald's letters lay in a charred heap in the fireplace.

In all her simple possessions, nothing could throw light on her history or her fate.

She had no settled plan, no future thought. Her one idea was Susan Crapps, her one hope that she might die.

She felt so utterly desperate, with no care for this world, and, alas! little hope for the next.

All was blank, dull despair, and so with a thick shawl covering her slight figure, and a veil shading her face, she sped down the stairs, unperceived by the sleeping household.

With an effort she raised the heavy bars of the street door, closed it noiselessly behind her, and found herself alone in the London streets.

Then there came to the lonely girl an awful temptation.

This life that was such a burden to herself, that

no one valued, no one wanted, why should she not take it?

A little determination, a moment's leap, and the cold waters would deaden her sorrow for ever! Why not?

Who would care?

She was so sad, so desperate, that but for one thought she must have yielded; and that thought was not the dread of death, nor yet the fear of doing wrong!

It was the remembrance of her mother. It was years since she had lost her, but Janet would never forget that once someone had cared for her and loved her just as Mrs. Wild did Rosamond.

That mother was in heaven. Her father had told her so from a little child, and the girl believed it firmly.

In all her trouble she could not do the deed that would shut her out from mother for ever; she was nearly lost! Love for the mother she had known so dimly, whose life ceased so soon after hers began, saved her.

She hurried painfully on towards Camden Town, as though she felt that once with any other human soul, the temptation would lose its strength.

Many noticed her; the slight, solitary figure, hardly able to walk without trembling, attracted many glances, but she was unconscious of them.

On, on she walked through the busy streets, weak from fatigue and excitement, until she reached Great College Street, and dragged herself wearily up the familiar courtyard, and knocked timidly at the door.

A woman in black opened it. A kindly face, but one that struck terror to Janet's heart, for it was not Susan Crapps.

"Mrs. Crapps," she said, hurriedly, "isn't she at home?"

She could not hide the eagerness with which she put the question.

The woman looked closely at her as she answered:

"She doesn't live here now, miss. She left last March?"

"Where is she?"

"I don't rightly know, miss. In the country—Suffolk way, I fancy."

"Heaven help me, what shall I do?" came from Janet's lips, and then overcome by all she had endured, she fell forward fainting.

The woman who had spoken to her was not rich. She had never seen Janet before that morning, but no thought of turning her from her door came to her;

instead, a great tear rolled down her honest cheek, and she called hastily:

"Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. D'Arcy!"

The old man stepped quickly from the parlour:

"What is it, Mrs. Brett?"

"Look here, sir."

He saw a woman, young and beautiful, lying half supported in Mrs. Brett's motherly arms.

Her eyes were closed, and her face was pale as death.

"Help me to carry her," said Mrs. Brett, and together they raised her in their arms and bore her to the same parlour where one little year before she had sat with her lover; they laid her on the sofa and it was only then that Mr. D'Arcy asked:

"Who is she?"

"I don't know, poor young thing, some friend of the body that was here before me, I suppose. She asked for Mrs. Clapps, and when I told her Mrs. Clapps wasn't here she just fainted right away."

There might have been more skilful hands, but none kinder than those that ministered to Janet. Mrs. Brett chafed the ice cold hands in her own warm ones. Mr. D'Arcy made up the fire and prepared a cup of tea, which he believed would have done wonders if only the stranger could have taken it.

But no result crowned their efforts; the large eyes remained as firmly shut as though sealed by the dews of death; no power seemed able to convey warmth to those clenched hands.

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Brett, suddenly remembering she was invading her lodger's territory. "I'm afraid I'm disarranging you, Mr. D'Arcy, and you haven't had your breakfast, it took me all on a heap like and I forgot."

"It's nothing, I couldn't eat any, Mrs. Brett," as he mechanically handed Yowler the bread and milk for which she had been waiting in surprised impatience. "What will you do with her?" he asked hesitatingly.

"The best I can," was the determined answer. "I'm not a going to hunt her from the place, poor young thing, she's known trouble enough I'll warrant. It wasn't only the disappointment as made her faint."

"Then you'll keep her till she's well again?" returned the old man with great relief. "And Mrs. Brett, if you'd like to put her in my room you know, Yowler and I could do very well here."

"I thank you, sir, but we won't need to go troubling you like that, and I'm thinking I'd better get her to bed at once."

"She looks very tired," assented Mr. D'Arcy, putting on his hat.

"And as you're going out, sir, maybe you'd look in at Mr. Wenthorpe's and ask him to call round."

Mr. Wenthorpe was the medical celebrity specially affected by Great College Street. When he arrived some hour later, he found Janet in bed, still in the same dull senseless stupor. He looked grave, but never doubted that she was one of Mrs. Brett's lodgers.

"I should advise you to send for the young lady's friends at once," he said to the widow as they went downstairs together.

"Is she very ill?"

"Very; she has undergone some great shock and has not the strength to bear up against it. Have you known her long?"

"Not very," said the landlady cautiously,

"Is she any relation of yours?"

"Oh no, sir, not at all."

"Because to speak plainly she is in great danger; it will be a wonder if she struggles through it."

When Mrs. Brett returned from letting the doctor out she was crying. She went up straight to the bed and took one of Janet's hands in hers, and said aloud, just as though the sufferer could have heard her:

"When 'Liza left me, through all the weary months I was a-looking for her, I knew well enough what it was to be lonesome and unhappy, and I made up my mind as I'd be good to any poor girl I came across for her sake. I couldn't do much for my own darling—it was too late when I found her. As for you, poor dear, I doesn't know what's troubled you like this, but I'll do the best I can for you anyhow, just as I'd have done for 'Liza. No one shall n't worry you here."

Oh, Mrs. Brett, it is of such women as you that we are proud, for all rough and unlettered though you be, you have hearts of gold!

## CHAPTER XII.

BREAKFAST was a most unsociable meal at the merchant's house in Grosvenor Gardens.

Mr. Wild himself partook of it with a Spartan precision and punctuality at half-past eight, and then hurried off to his office, just as he had done years before, when he did not possess a million pence,

much less a million pounds. His wife always had hers in her own room, and their nightly parties made Rosamond and her aunt so tardy in their appearance downstairs that Janet had adopted the plan of helping herself from the stately silver coffee-pot and cream ewer to begin the round of her daily duties.

Consequently neither aunt nor niece experienced the slightest surprise at her absence from the breakfast-room on the morning after Gerald's visit. Rosamond looked beaming with happiness, her chaperone rather weary.

Late hours have worse effects at fifty-five than at twenty; besides, Mrs. Orme was not in love, neither was she going to be married in a week, and in Rosamond's case both these circumstances exerted their stimulating influences.

"What is to be done this morning?" asked the chaperone.

"I am going to stay at home," said Rosamond, with a pretty blush. "Gerald came last night. Was it not annoying that I should be out?"

"Well, as you are going to pass your life together," answered Mrs. Orme, who had but little romance in her nature, "the loss of one evening of his society seems to me little matter."

"Is he coming this morning?"

"I don't know. Mamma did not see him. She was asleep; and so Miss Clive went down. I must ask her what message he left."

The breakfast finished, she stripped lightly upstairs to her mother's boudoir.

Mrs. Wild was on her sofa, and a low chair was drawn close up to it, but the "companion" was absent.

"Where's Miss Clive, mamma?"

"I don't know, Rosie."

"You don't know, mamma! But why isn't she with you. I thought she always came to read to you at eleven o'clock."

"So she does."

"It is past eleven."

"I am in no such desperate haste, Rosamond. It is only ten minutes after eleven. Did you want Miss Clive?"

"Yes; I want to know what message Gerald left last night. She saw him, you said."

"Oh, ring the bell, dear."

"Ask Miss Clive to come to me at once," was the order the maid received.

"Do you like her, mamma," asked Rosamond, abruptly.

"Very much. Do not you?"

"I hardly know. She is so very quiet, and there is something in her manner puzzles me. She is not open."

"She is very timid, poor child," said the mother, gently. "She is only nineteen. It isn't very pleasant to have to earn one's own bread, Rosie."

"She ought to be happy with you, mamma. You are kind to everyone."

"And you, Rosamond."

"I am not unkind to her, I hope."

"Not intentionally, but you rarely speak to her or notice her. She is not a mere stick or stone, Rosie. You who are so happy yourself might spare a little sympathy for her."

The maid returned. "Miss Clive is not in her room, ma'am, and I can't find her anywhere."

"How strange," said Rosamond, heedlessly.

"When did you see her last, Susan?"

"I have not seen her at all this morning, Miss Wild, and I don't think anyone else has, begging your pardon, miss."

"You should not speak like that, Susan. What do you mean," asked her mistress, gravely. "You should be more careful in what you say."

The servant seemed embarrassed. "I did not mean any harm, ma'am, and I'm sure Miss Clive is a very nice young lady, only—"

"Only what?" said Rosamond, quickly. She had not her mother's patience.

"Her bed has not been slept in, miss. Everything is as still as though no one had been in the room all night, and the hot water that I left at the door this morning is there now."

"She has run away!" cried the heiress.

"Hush!" said her mother, reproachfully. "Susan, remember you are not to mention this on any account downstairs. I dare say it is only a mistake!"

The maid did not think so; however, it was no other place to contradict her mistress, so she retired in silence.

"Poor little thing," said Mrs. Wild, as soon as the door had closed on Susan. "What will become of her. We did not make her happy, Rosamond, or she would never have left us like this!"

"Perhaps she has gone home."

"She has no home."

"No home!" Rosamond's eyes filled with tears.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Orme, entering at that moment, and detecting at once that something had gone wrong by her sister-in-law's grave face.

"Oh, I wish I had been kind to her!" the heiress cried impulsively, without heeding her aunt's question.

"Kind to whom?" repeated M. a. Orme. "Whom are you talking of? Rosamond, I came to tell you Gerald is downstairs waiting to see you."

Yes, in the same room, almost in the same posture as he had stood the night before, Gerald Duncan stood now.

Like Janet, he had passed a sleepless night, but unlike her, his future course was resolutely planned. He knew the strength of her will, and that she would adhere to her refusal to forgive.

He knew also the nobility of her nature was such, that she would hide the secret from the Wilds, and utter no syllable that could lessen their esteem for him.

So his mind was made up. He would enjoy his splendid triumph and marry the heiress.

His engagement would go on as smoothly, as serenely, as though that prior engagement had never existed, and that slight, dark-haired girl never crossed his path, only that he would carry always in his heart the memory of his parting with her, as of some grey ghost of the past, only that through her he had no love to give to Rosamond.

She came forward to meet him with no gay words on her lips.

She smiled her welcome, but there were traces of tears on her face.

He wondered could Janet have betrayed him after all?

"What is the matter, Rosamond?"—after he had greeted her, and her warm regrets for having missed seeing him the previous evening had testified that whatever was wrong, he had no share in it—"you have been crying."

"Something has troubled me," she answered, simply.

"I can see that; but what is it? What can you have to trouble you, Rosamond?"

His voice had a shade of authority.

Rosamond loved to yield to his firm will. In their future life, it was easy to see that he would rule, and she obey.

Suddenly she recollected that he might throw some little light on Miss Clive's disappearance, since no one seemed to have seen her since she went to tell him that his betrothed was not at home.

"Tell me, Gerald, did you see Miss Clive last night?"

He could not tell the drift of the question. In ignorance of Janet's actions, his position was frightfully perplexing.

But he answered with affected carelessness:

"I saw a lady who told me you would not be home till late, if she were Miss Clive."

"Yes, yes," continued Rosamond, eagerly. "And how did she look—was there anything strange in her manner?"

"I'm sure I did not notice. I was too concerned at the news, to think much of the messenger. But who is Miss Clive, Rosie? and why in the world do you ask me all these questions about her?"

He was acting his part skilfully. After all, lying is easy work when once it is begun.

"She is mamma's companion. Perhaps I ought not to tell you, but she has run away. We cannot find her anywhere!"

If Rosamond had noticed his face she would have seen that it was strangely grave, and that he bit his lips fiercely before he answered:

"Run away—nonsense, Rosamond. People don't run away without cause in this practical century. What should she run away for? Who would run away from your mother?"

"Mamma was very kind to her," returned Rosamond, sadly; "but I don't think she was very happy here. She never spoke unless she was spoken to, and she had such a dumb, wistful look, as though she were waiting always for something that never came, and I let her alone. I never tried to make her happy. I just treated her as though she had been a stick or a stone."

Rosamond's heart was warm and true. Bitterly did she reproach herself for her neglect of the "companion." She had never been unkind to Janet, but she had ignored her, or, as she phrased it, "let her alone," and the sad, beautiful girl had slipped silently out from among them, and she was sorry.

But her grief was nothing to the tumult that raged in her lover's breast.

There, in sight of the sofa where Janet had sat leaning her head on his shoulder, in sight of the spot where she had told him he had made her life worthless, he stood listening while the girl who was to be

his wife related to him the story of her disappearance, and he must listen as though to the history of an indifferent person, whom he had never known, instead of her he had loved and sacrificed to his ambition.

Rosamond wept in speaking of one she had known a few days. He must listen with composure to words that cut into his soul and filled him with remorse.

In that moment Janet was avenged!

"Where do you think she has gone? Were her parents living?"

"She had no relations excepting some cousin. I don't know. I hope she has gone to them, but I am afraid not."

"Why?"

"If she had been going home she would have told mamma. She would have bid us good-bye and taken her things, instead of slipping out of the house in the night. It must have been the night, Gerald."

The lovers were interrupted; a message came from Mrs. Wild. She would like to see Mr. Duncan.

He found her and Mrs. Orme in earnest discussion. The latter had been to the "companion's" room. She had looked here and peeped there. She had scrutinised everything, and she was not much the wiser: a lady's wardrobe, very simple, very plain, but still a lady's, a few books, some trinkets, and a purse containing five pounds in gold seemed the only memorials Miss Clive had left behind her.

"This is very perplexing," said Mr. Duncan, after the whole story had been gone through. Who recommended this Miss Clive to you? It would be wisest to write to them at once."

"I had her through an agency."

"But the references."

"I never asked for any," said the invalid. "I liked her letter so much."

"That was very rash," commented Mrs. Orme.

Gerald left the three ladies still in conversation. No active steps would be taken until Mr. Wild's return. He declined the invitation to luncheon. He wanted to be alone. He must have time for thought and reflection if he would not go beside himself. He walked through the streets alone with his secret. Janet had had no concealments from him. He knew her whole life; in all London there was but one person she would go to—Susan Crapps. She could not return to Provington because she had left her purse behind her. It was this total abandonment of her possessions that gave the worst fear to Gerald. He knew her wild, passionate nature. What if in her misery she should seek the friend of the miserable—death. All she had said to him strengthened this fear. Besides penniless, friendless, what could she do in London. He must find her. He must see her again, in life or death, and if the latter—if indeed she had ended her sorrows, he was as truly her murderer as though he had shot her through the heart.

A murderer! Young, rich, clever, handsome, with a charming, loving wife, but a murderer! Gerald shuddered.

Any certainty was better than suspense, and that afternoon, carefully disguised, for Miss Wild's betrothed must not show too much interest in the fate of a companion, he repaired to Camden Town, and entered a small newsagent's in Great College Street, intending to begin his search by a few cautious questions.

He expended two or three shillings, sufficient to inspire the shopkeeper with respect, then, in a voice he strove to render calm, he asked if there were any respectable lodgings in that neighbourhood.

"Lor' yes, sir," responded the man. "Most every house lets 'em in the street."

"A friend of mine recommended a Mrs. Crapps or Cripps," said Gerald, carelessly, "but I forget the number."

"Mrs. Crapps," corrected the shopkeeper. "Ah, she was a wonderful woman, sir. She lived here five years, an' never owed nothing to nobody. But she's left these parts better nor six months."

"Didn't she succeed?"

"So well that she's a snug cottage down Suffolk or Essex way, and lives independent, like a lady." It was enough for Gerald. He quitted the shop, leaving his purchases on the counter. Half his doubts were solved. Janet's one friend in London had failed her.

The Wilds were very busy. The preparations for the wedding were hurried on.

Rosamond was to become Mrs. Duncan on the following Tuesday, and Mrs. Orme was going to devote herself to her sister-in-law until a fresh "companion" could be found.

Mr. Wild avowed it was a pity Miss Clive had left them, but as she was her own mistress and had gone of her own free will, it was of no use to trouble themselves about her.

So, after a great deal of wonder and many useless speculations, the subject of Janet was lost in the excitement of the approaching ceremony, and all that remained of her short sojourn in Grosvenor Gardens was a box into which her few possessions had been thrust, and which, carefully corded, awaited in some obscure lumber room the improbable return of its owner.

Gerald could not have told how he passed those days.

One blank dread filled him. He never rose up in the morning without the fear that he should hear of Janet's death; he never went to bed without the certainty that if he slept her face would mingle with his dreams, not beautiful and tender, but fierce and wild as when she reproached his perfidy, or with the long hair streaming, and the face very white and very cold, sleeping still and tranquilly, never to wake again.

It was the very eve of his wedding that he read of a woman who had been found drowned in the Thames.

Young, with dark hair and eyes, and small hands and feet.

The fear of whom it might be haunted him, and in the dark of the winter's evening, again disguised, he applied at the mortuary of the workhouse, where the body awaited identification.

The officials listened to his history of a sister who had left her home a month before, and never been heard of since, and they granted a ready permission to the respectable artisan to enter. He seemed overwhelmed with grief.

"But it will be useless," they urged.

He thought not, and entered. He had never seen such a place before.

It was a plain, bare room, quite empty, only that in one corner something was lying on trestles, covered over with a sheet.

The fearful stillness was oppressive. A nurse followed him, holding a flickering candle, which she shaded with her hand.

He took it from her at the door.

"I would rather, please."

And she retreated not unwillingly.

He stood very still, almost as still as that dread something hidden from his eyes.

His feet trembled, so that he could hardly approach it.

He looked at it long and silently before he dared to raise the covering.

He could not have told what he most hoped or feared.

If this mysterious "it" were all that remained of Janet, if his baseness had driven her to the sin of suicide, her blood was on his head. He was a murderer.

But all was over, ended, finished! The worst had happened.

In this world she would suffer never more, and for the next Heaven was merciful.

But if not, if the girl who had loved him so truly, so madly, were not there; if she were out a wanderer on the earth, without one friend, without one hope, with only the gift of her youth and beauty, he was no less guilty, and her fate no less cruel. Day by day in his splendid home, must he think of her who ought to have been his wife, as lonely, weary, slighted, wanting perhaps the simplest necessities, struggling on without aim or spirit, to prolong the life that had grown burdensome.

Every year that came would take something away from her beauty, every year would make her more unhappy and less fit to die.

It was amid this chaos of hope and fear that Gerald raised the covering, tremulously, and gazed on the face of the dead.

He did not doubt!

He could not doubt!

The swart hair streamed wildly, just as in his dreams, the large, dark eyes were fixed and glassy, the forehead broad and high, as he had known it. But there all comparison, all recognition, ceased. Every feature was distorted, contracted by the agony of the last struggle.

The teeth were set fast, the hands clenched; everything seemed to say that this unhappy one had passed away at a moment when terror and despair contested for the mastery.

There is always something awful in the stony rigidity of death, but seldom is the king of terrors so fearful to behold as he was then.

Gerald Duncan could not contemplate those glassy eyes; his own were full of tears of agony, he who had not wept since he was a little helpless child. He severed one of those long, dark locks, and then he drew the covering reverently, and passed out.

The first act in his life's drama was over.

The next morning, in the presence of a crowd of

fashionable friends, he married Rosamond Wild, heiress to a million of money.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE doctor had said right. Janet was very ill. So ill that often in that first week of December they thought she would have died, but grief, however keen, rarely kills at one blow.

Janet's life work was far from finished, and so when the raging fever of delirium was over, she lay pale and thin, very weak and helpless, but living and out of danger.

It was on Gerald's wedding day that she first came to herself. She was alone. She opened her eyes and glanced round the room. All seemed strange. Where was she? What had happened? Suddenly there came back to her all the events of that fearful night, and at the memory of Gerald's faithlessness, great tears rolled down her wan cheeks, and she murmured:

"Oh, why couldn't I have died? Why did He let me live?"

Those tears saved her life. The pressure on the brain was relieved. She fell into a peaceful sleep. When the doctor next came he looked far more cheerful, and told Mrs. Brett his patient would do now. Plenty of rest and nourishing food, and in a very little time she would be herself again.

As yet no one at No. — Great College Street knew anything of Janet's history, even her name. Mrs. Brett had not asked her a single question, but she had her own surmises, and she told Mr. D'Arcy whenever he inquired for the invalid, that "she should just like to have the handling of them as had done their best to worrit the poor young thing's life out of her," and the prompter shook his head compassionately, and murmured, "Poor child."

He thought often of this girl who had so suddenly crossed his path, so utterly neglected and uncared for, that she was left to fight out the struggle for life or death beneath a stranger's roof without a word or sign from friend or relation. He pitied her from the bottom of his great true heart; the beautiful sad face he had only seen once in the uncertain morning's light haunted him as he sat by his fireside with only the silent companionship of Yowler. He would often wonder who she was and what trouble had brought her there.

Had his life not been blighted, had he enjoyed the happiness that comes to other men, perhaps he might have had a daughter now to care for him in his old age.

Mrs. Brett never spoke of the trouble and expense the stranger's illness caused her. She nursed her kindly and tenderly, and in those days of tendance she grew to love her as women do love those they have helped to struggle back to life.

It seemed as though the sick girl had succeeded to some of the affection the widow had been wont to lavish on 'Liza.

There came a day when Janet was able to leave her bed and sit wrapped up in shawls in a great easy chair by the fireside. She was much changed, her fair skin was clear and colourless as marble, her cheeks were thin and hollow, her splendid dark eyes seemed unnaturally large, and her hair was pushed back from her face and twisted in a great loose knot at the back of her head. Weak and wan though she looked, there was a decided amendment, and as Mrs. Brett settled herself in a chair opposite with her knitting, she said in a tone of unqualified satisfaction:

"You are a sight better to-day, my dear."

"You are very good to me," said Nettie, gratefully, "to an utter stranger whom you never saw before. But oh, I wish you had let me die. I haven't anything left to live for in all the world; there's no one to care what becomes of me. Oh, I wish I had died."

"You don't ought to wish that, child, indeed you ought not. We've all got something to do if we'd but do it. Have you no mother to take care on you, my poor dear?"

"No."

"Nor father?"

"He died last year. Everyone dies that I want to live, and I, whom no one cares for, stay on."

"But haven't you nobody?"

"I have three consins," answered Janet, simply, and I went to live with them when papa died, but they didn't make it home for me, they didn't want me, and so I came to London to get my own living."

"Gracious, child, but what could you do with those little bits of hands; you aren't fitted to rough it."

"I was a companion. It wasn't very hard."

"And weren't they kind to you?" asked the widow with interest.

"They were very kind, but I was obliged to

leave. Don't ask me why, please. I couldn't tell you; it wasn't my fault, but I couldn't stay. I should have brought trouble to them all."

Mrs. Brett looked earnestly at her, and supposed nothing less than that a son or brother of her employer had fallen in love with her.

"I ran away," said Janet; "no one knew. I came here because Susan Crapps was my old nurse. I knew she would be good to be, and I thought maybe I would die, and then she wouldn't be troubled long!"

Mrs. Brett wiped her eyes.

"You are crying because I am so unhappy," went on the invalid. "Don't cry, please. You have been very good to me. If all the world were like you, I wouldn't wish to die; but it is so lonely to feel no one cares what becomes of me—to lose all I loved!"

"We've all our troubles, my poor dear, and you've got your share."

"Have you any troubles? You seem so happy."

"I'm not unhappy, child. I feel a bit lonely and lonesome; sometimes I catch myself a thinking of them that's gone, but then I remember I'm getting an old woman, and it won't be very long afore I sees 'em again, and it'll be all the less to leave behind me when I goes myself!"

"Mrs. Brett, I'm getting better now; I will soon be able to work again. Will you advise me what to do?"

"It pears to me, my poor dear, as the best work you can do, is to try and yet strong, that 'll take you another month, and afterwards we'll see. I don't know much of such things, but Mr. D'Arcy do, perhaps."

"Who is Mr. D'Arcy?"

"The gent'eman as has my parlours. He's all alone, poor old man, and has one of the best hearts in the world. But there's time enough yet, you won't be fit to do anything!"

"But I have been here more than a fortnight now, and I am such a trouble to you, and—"

"Don't go for to think of that, my dear," said the widow, cutting her short. "You're heartily welcome to stop as long as you like. I've had daughters of my own, so it would be strange that I should grudge a bite or sup to one that's an orphan."

"Are your daughters not here with you?"

"No, not one. I had three as fine children as the sun shone on, but they weren't mine for long. I lost 'em at nine and ten years old the two!"

"But you said you had three."

A shade passed over the widow's face.

"She was my youngest, the hope of my old age. I used to call her, and yet many's the time I've asked myself if it wouldn't have been better if I'd had to lie her under the grass and daisies with her sisters! Ah, missie, you've your trouble, but they can't be harder than my poor girl's, though hers were most of her own making!"

Nettie slipped her thin hand into the widow's;

"Will you tell me about her?"

(To be Continued.)

## MRS. JONES ON PICNICS.

WELL, go to the picnic if you like. I can't hinder you. But if I were you, I wouldn't; nothing could make me. Picnics don't turn out well, according to my experiences, and people don't come home as they went.

I don't mean about clothes; for though it generally rains and spoils them, that isn't much. And if you like to sit in the wind and share your dinner with wasps, I can't object, though I'd rather have mine at a table.

"I'm thinking of more serious things, my dear. Not falling down mountains and breaking your bones, or tumbling out of boats and getting drowned, and all that; but, as I said before, nothing could make me go upon a picnic with my steady companion, if I was a girl as I was once. You never saw two young people in that relation come home from a picnic without a tiff."

They start as bright as a new shilling piece; she all muslin, and blue ribbon, and smiles, and curls— he with a fresh straw hat and nice, white linen; and he carries her parasol, and her shawl, and her fan, and he wears a button-hole bouquet she has given him, and people say:

"What a charming young couple."

But see them when they get back, and what a difference! All the starch is out of her dress and his collar. She's cross, and he's sulky. She's biting her parasol, and he's swinging the basket about as if he'd like to throw it at some one's head.

They look crosser than folks that have been mar-

ried five years generally do, and as soon as she gets to her room she bursts into tears and says she wishes she was dead. There's been a quarrel, and often it's the end of the match.

I can't tell why it is, but what with the fatigue, and the heat, and the rain, and the red faces, and the things that happen, a picnic tries young people's tempers more than anything else I know; and it isn't safe for a young woman to try one with her steady company, unless she has enough property to be quite sure of him under any circumstances.

M. K. D.

## THE STAR OF HIS DESTINY.

### CHAPTER VII.

ON arriving at the convent of St. Bernard, the soldiers came to a halt, and the monks, who are famous for their hospitality to weary travellers, opened their stores, and offered bread and a cup of wine to each soldier.

Our readers will understand how much their kindness was appreciated by the troops, who had heretofore taken no food, save when a w and then they dipped a morsel of bread into the snow; and when they resumed their march, they carried with them grateful memories of the pious monks of St. Bernard.

Descending the mountain, they took possession of a Piedmontese village, from which sweeps the valley of Aosta—a vale whose tranquil beauty formed one of those striking contrasts peculiar to Alpine scenery.

A force of Austrians at Chatillon were repulsed with comparative ease by Lasnes, but the Fortress of Barde was likely to offer more serious opposition. The indomitable Bonaparte made a reconnaissance, and declared though the fort could not be gained by a coup-de-main, he believed the town could be carried by storm.

The result proved his opinion to be correct, for there, as heretofore, victory followed the French banners.

About this time a regiment from the corps commanded by Lasnes, camp up to join the main army, accompanied by three vivandieres.

A pretty picture they formed, standing there with the sunshine which burned above the glaciers glinting across their shining hair, and lending a brighter glow to their graceful knapsacks and metallic canteens; and the soldiers gazed at them with admiring interest.

One was of the medium height, and had a bright, laughing eye, red lip, and short, curling tresses, surmounted by a red cap with a long, golden tassel; the other was more petite in form, and a perfect brunette, and the third tall and exquisitely graceful, with dark hair looped in heavy waves at the back of her head, but drooping low over her cheek.

Her costume was a black velvet bodice, made after the fashion peculiar to the French peasantry; a short gray skirt without any of the gay trimming her companions wore in such profusion, and instead of their jaunty cap, she wore a broad-brimmed Spanish hat with a long, black plume.

On inquiry it appeared that one of the vivandieres was the young wife of a Provence soldier, the other his sister, and the third was known as the mysterious vivandiere.

She had entered the camp a few days previous, asserting that she had now no pleasure in life, save in doing good, and wished to be of service to the soldiers of France on the field as well as in the hospitals, to which the wounded would be borne.

She had given her name as Genevieve; but of her history the inquisitive little vivandieres declared they could learn nothing; with regard to it she was, to use their own language, "dumb as a stone," and while some admired and pitied her, not a few regarded her with vague distrust.

Some even went so far as to regard her as a spy from the Austrians; but Claudine and Cecile shrugged their shoulders, and berated such of the men as breathed these suspicions, till they were glad to beat a retreat.

They, with their merry chat, their light laugh and their spirited chansons, were sunbeams; while Genevieve, calm, silent, inscrutable, was a shadow.

She avoided conversation, and kept aloof as much as possible when the troops were encamped, and her face was so lost in the shadow of her broad hat and dusky plume, that it was difficult to obtain a full view of it.

She seemed to make no friends, and yet there was not a soldier who was not deeply interested in the fate of the mysterious vivandiere.

During the skirmishes and battles that succeeded the storming of Barde, Genevieve was ever on the alert, watching the advance and the retreat of the armies, and listening with wild eagerness for the shouts of "victoire! victoire!" that told the strife was ended.

At length they reached the plain of Marengo—a name which, after the lapse of more than half a century, arouses a host of stirring memories, and there was fought the decisive battle of this campaign.

The Austrians outnumbered the French in artillery and infantry; they had a large and well-drilled force, and everything seemed in their favour; but they had not the daring Napoleon for a commander.

The first attack of the Imperialists made even the practised French troops waver, and to add to their confusion, a body of the foe from a neighbouring garrison nearly surrounded them on all sides.

The day would have been lost, had it not been for the opportune appearance of Napoleon on the scene.

That figure, wrapped in its gray surcoat, that firm face, and proud bearing, reanimated the soldiers, and turned the whole tide of affairs. He secured a defile, flanked by the village of Marengo, shut up on one side by a wood, and on the other by high, thick vineyards.

Here his troops made a stand, and fought hand in hand with the Austrian infantry, exposed all the while to the terrible fire which poured in upon them from thirty pieces of cannon.

It has been remarked that each soldier seemed to regard this like the pass of the Thermopylæ, where they were to fight till the last man fell, and with Spartan heroism they kept their post.

In the terrible conflict, the troops that had stood rank to rank, shoulder to shoulder, were swept away as if by an avalanche of fire, and the field and defile were strewn with the dying and the dead. Many a gallant officer had fallen, but Bonaparte had escaped unscathed, and when General Lasnes felt obliged to retire with his division, the consul countermanded the order, and exclaimed:

"My lads, it is my practice to sleep on the field of battle!"

Amid the chances and changes of a battle, the signal was at last given—the fearful *Psde* charge was heard.

Dessaix with his fresh troops attacked the Austrian battalions, and Dondet charged upon the right wing of the foe, and thus swept down the enemy on every hand, like grain before a stalwart reaper. Thus this decisive victory was gained—thus ended the battle of Marengo!

During the Alpine campaign, Claude Arnaud's courage had never failed; he had scaled mountains, threaded dim passes, crossed the slender bridges flung over the foaming torrents, and participated in every battle.

It was at the defile of Marengo, where so many lives were staked and lost, that he won the most cordial approbation of his commander, and placed himself in the front rank of the grand army.

The vivandieres, who, with womanly heroism, had often been in the thickest of the fight, had frequently ministered to him, and when heat and length sank down, just as victory had turned on the side of the French, the mysterious Genevieve sprang forward and bent over him.

With her natural strength she lifted him from the ground, where horses' feet were still trampling in wild confusion, and bore him to a place where he could be more secure, and then pillowed his head on his knapsack, and filling her canteen, held it to his thirsty lips.

The young man drank long and eagerly, but suddenly a spasm of pain contracted his features, and he gasped:

"The battle of Marengo has proved fatal to me."

The woman did not speak, but her hand trembled, and the canteen shook like a leaf when the rude winds swept by.

"Mademoiselle," continued Arnaud, "though some of my comrades have seen fit to regard you as a spy, I have never doubted your allegiance to our cause, and this proves you to be true to our interests. You would not encounter the dangers of our last battle, if La Belle France were not dear to you, and I believe I can rely on you now."

"Yes, yes," was the low answer.

"I have a father in Provence, and a lady-love in Paris, or at Malmaison, under the care of Madame Bonaparte."

"Who is she, mon ami?"

"Her name is Zoe—she is a native of the tropics, and dearer than all the world beside."

The vivandiere shivered, and for an instant averted

her face, but she soon gained sufficient composure to say:

"Poor girl! how hard it must be for her to give up the *Pride of the Legion*!"

"Aye, she will mourn for me; her young life will be dark when I am gone, but I beg of you—and it is a soldier's last plea—to go to Provence, inquire for the chateau of Baron Arnaud, and tell him it is my dying request that he should receive my betrothed wife as his daughter."

"I promise you—I solemnly promise you your message shall be delivered. What more can I do for you?"

"When I am dead, bury these above the heart where they have rested," and he drew forth the Egyptian rose and the knot of violets Zoe had given him. "Both are faded like the hopes that were linked with them," he added, "but they are dearer to me than the crown that was the reward of the Greek athlete."

He had spoken slowly and with many pauses, and now his strength failed, and he sank back unconscious.

At this juncture Bonaparte came riding past, and at sight of him the vivandiere bounded to meet him, and even ventured to lay her hand on the mane of his steed.

"What has happened?" he inquired, looking down at the shadowy face of the vivandiere.

The vivandiere could not speak, but she pointed, with something stern and majestic in her mien, to the wounded officer.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Bonaparte, "has he, too, fallen?"

"Yes; and no wonder—he was in the fiercest of the fight."

"He is not dead, I hope."

The girl shook her head sadly, and the commander went on:

"He shall be removed to your house—we will make it a hospital, and you shall care for him."

"I obey you, but I fear care is useless."

A half hour later the surgeon found the mysterious vivandiere at her post, and for weary days and nights she kept a tireless vigil by Claude Arnaud.

The young man soon began to grow convalescent, and one evening she stood leaning over the high-backed, old-fashioned chair she had drawn to the window.

Before and beyond lay the Swiss landscape, with its far-off glacier peaks, its everlasting snows, and its sunny slopes, while here and there a distant goatherd watched his flocks, the chamois bounded from rock to rock, and the wild birds soared and circled as if they would bathe their wings in the gorgeous light.

Arnaud's eye kindled, for he had strong love for the beautiful in nature and in art, and drawing forth his note-book, he hastily sketched the landscape.

The vivandiere silently watched him, and when he had finished it, leaned forward in the utmost surprise to see that he had sketched her own figure, placing her at some distance in the foreground, and in a picturesque attitude.

For an instant her cheek burned with unnatural crimson, but when he glanced around at her, it had died away, and her face had assumed its wonted calmness.

"Genevieve," he exclaimed, "this will be my last day for idleness; to-morrow I shall be in the saddle, and at the head of my men."

"I fear," replied the vivandiere, "you have not yet gained sufficient strength to resume your duties."

"It is true," observed the young man, "but I cannot afford to be inert, when they need me on the field. I have sketched yonder landscape as a keepsake, and when I reach Paris, I shall give it to Zoe, as a memorial of the battle of Marengo, where I believe I should have died, had it not been for your kindness. I have imperfectly traced your portrait here, that she may cherish your memory, and pray for your happiness."

The vivandiere did not speak; a terrible weight was settling on her heart, and she could not articulate a word.

"Genevieve," resumed Arnaud, "you have always been regarded as a mysterious personage, and some wild romance or deep sorrow must have made you a vivandiere. Be frank with me, I implore you, for you may rely on my honour—tell me who you are, that I may know to whom I am indebted for so many favours."

The girl uttered a low cry, and sank down unconscious.

The young man lifted her in his arms, muttering: "Poor Genevieve, she is not strong, and has been overtaxed by a life full of toil and peril," bore her

to an antique fauteuil near the chair in which he had been sitting.

The hat she invariably wore had fallen off, and also a woof of black tresses and a mass of hair that seemed like garden flowers rippled around the high, pale forehead.

The delicately pencilled brows, and even the long eyelashes, had been tinged apparently by the Eastern henna plant, but notwithstanding the disguises that had been employed, Arnaud now recognised the mysterious vivandiere.

"Ah!" he said, gravely, "it is the Contesse Pauline! The daughter of the house of Duchene has stooped to wear the character of a vivandiere, and for what? Jean is her only brother, and mayhap it is for his sake she has undergone all this."

While he was speaking, the door unclosed, and Duchene walked in.

As his glance fell upon Pauline, he sprang forward, and knelt beside her and Arnaud.

"Friend," exclaimed the young man, "you are just the person I wish to see; did you know, when we left Paris, that Pauline was to follow us, and descend to the toil and exposure of a vivandiere?"

"No said Duchene, hoarsely, "but when she joined us, skilful as her disguise was, I knew it was Pauline."

"And why, why did you not send her back by the couriers that go and come with despatches from Paris?"

"It was impossible—I could not shake her purpose; she was bent on being with us during the campaign."

"What a devoted sister! I wonder if I were blest with one, if she would be equally loving and devoted."

Jean Duchene's features worked, and his voice sank into a whisper, when he retorted:

"Claude Arnaud, are you blind? Do you not see that it is something wilder and deeper than a sister's love which has brought her here? Have you forgotten that, through your boyhood and youth, you have been inexpressibly dear to Pauline, and now her whole soul is bound up in you? She told me she could not rest in Provence, or fritter away her time among the fashionables of Paris, when you were braving the perils of the Alps, and your life might hang upon a thread; and so, begging permission of my father to visit my mother's relatives in the south of France, she assumed the character of a vivandiere."

"And how did she manage to reach us?"

"Her waiting-maid, Jacinthe, had a brother in the army, and his wife had resolved to accompany him on the Alpine campaign; it was not, therefore, a difficult task to induce her sister to aid her in her schemes, though the better to carry out her projects, Pauline insisted on disclaiming a previous acquaintance with them as soon as they should reach the camp. She has kept her secret till the scenes of the last battle brought up in a companionship with you, and now, now, Claude—Claude, you know all."

The young officer's face softened for an instant at his comrade's story; he would have been less than human, had not his heart thrilled at such evidences of Pauline Duchene's devotion, and his voice was not firm, when he replied:

"It is a sad affair; my companions in arms have occasionally rallied me about your sister's penchant for her old playfellow, but I have told them I was not so fortunate as they believed me. I regard you and Pauline as dear friends, nothing more—Zoe is my destiny; and it gives me indescribable pain to think of the mysterious vivandiere."

Jean Duchene turned sharply from him, and then came back, and gathered his sister in his arms with a brother's pride and a brother's resentment.

"By my faith!" he exclaimed, "she is reviving—leave me, leave me!"

## CHAPTER VII.

THE Alpine campaign had proved one of the most successful and astonishing the world ever saw. The grand army, in precisely one month from the day of their arrival at St. Bernard, had destroyed the power of Austria in Italy, and after a loss of sixty thousand men in this short campaign, the Imperialists were obliged to propose an armistice.

The fortunes of France seemed linked with Bonaparte, and when he returned to Paris, all the inhabitants thronged to the Tuilleries to obtain a glimpse of the wonderful man whom they regarded as the good genius of the republic.

Again the air grew jubilant with cheers of welcome; bon-fires were kindled, and bells rung; fair girls strewed the streets with flowers; Te Deum was sung amid the splendours of Notre Dame, and by night bands played in every square, and the buildings blazed with illuminations.

It will be recollected that when the army left for the Alps, Josephine and some of her ladies had watched the troops from the balcony, and she was now present to witness their triumphant entree, but Zoe was not among the little group that surrounded her.

Claude Arnaud looked searchingly at the balcony, and at the windows above, where beautiful faces were smiling a welcome, and his heart sank at the vague fears her absence had aroused.

Where was she?

Had she been ill, and had Josephine withheld the tidings from him till he should reach France?

Had Murad Bey managed to enter Paris, and bear her to his Egyptian home, or had she been dazzled by the homage which he heard she had received, and grown weary of his love, and careless as to his presence?

These questions flashed through his brain, like lightning amid the gathering clouds which presage a tempest, and though bright eyes grew luminous at a casual glance from the *Pride of the Legion*, his heart was heavy with a thousand forebodings of evil.

Claude ascended to the balcony, and was cordially greeted by Josephine.

Presently he inquired for Zoe, to which Josephine replied:

"Within a week there has been such a decided change in Zoe, that I can but be pained by it. You left her in my care, and I fear you will blame me, but I do not deserve reproaches—I have tried to deal with her as if she were my own child."

"Ah! I believe I comprehend your meaning—she has grown weary of me. In the gay society of the Tuilleries I have found a rival."

"It must be confessed," replied Madame Bonaparte, "that her beauty, her grace, her charming foreign ways, have rendered her the object of homage enough to turn an older and wiser head than hers, but, nevertheless, I have fully trusted her constancy till of late. Somewhat more than a week ago, when your last letter was received, she crumpled it scornfully in her hand and held it over the blaze of a lamp till it was consumed."

"What is this, *Maisemaiselle* Zoe?" I asked.

"From whom is that letter?"

"From Comte Arnaud," was the quick reply.

"Strange, strange," said I, gravely. "Methinks I have seen you press them to your lips."

"And foolish girl I was," she exclaimed, "but I repent my folly, I assure you, madame, and if Claude Arnaud should remain away years, I should never write him again."

"I endeavoured to reason with her to the best of my ability, but she was firm in her purpose, and kneeling before me—"

"Mother," cried Hortense, "spare him that!"

"Nay," interposed the young man, "I feel I have a right to a full knowledge of what passed between her and Madame Bonaparte."

"I was about to tell you Zoe's words when I called her to account for her conduct. 'Dear, dear madame,' she said, 'I have never been disrespectful or unjust. I love and honour you, and regret to give you pain, but I cannot, cannot marry Claude Arnaud. Experience has taught me that I did not know my heart till last summer.'"

The young man did not speak, and the lady continued:

"At first I thought it might be a mere caprice, but she steadily refused to come to the Tuilleries when the troops were daily expected, and I was forced to leave her."

"She is at Malmaison, I suppose," observed Arnaud, in a husky whisper.

"Yes, you will find her there, and I sincerely hope that it may be a lover's quarrel, and your presence effect a speedy reconciliation."

"Thank you, thank you, madame." And the next instant his hasty steps echoed along the palace corridors.

Mounting his horse, he dashed toward Malmaison, and to his dying day he never forgot the tumultuous thoughts which haunted him as he rode on.

He recalled the rumours connected with her mysterious disappearance from Cairo, the doubts that had for a time embittered his whole soul, and the on dits that had reached him with regard to the sensation she had created in Paris, and Madame Bonaparte's words seemed to give strong confirmation.

On gaining the palace, which was Josephine's favourite retreat, he leaped from his saddle, and was about to ascend the steps and inquire of the portress for Zoe; but a tide of memories well-nigh overpowered him, and, turning from the door, he struck into a path that led through the botanical gardens.

(To be continued.)

# REUBEN; OR, ONLY A GIPSY.

## CHAPTER LV.

"You can cry," said Welta. "All fair ladies can. I can't—I can't weep now, only when I look at this." And he took a knife, a small penknife, which Olive remembered seeing Reuben use. "It was his, his hands used it. I found it here after he'd gone. It's all rusty now, lady, all rusty—and where's he?"

He put his hand to his wrinkled brow and muttered some incoherent words.

"All wild and scattered, like the leaves. Welta's head burns, his thoughts fly round like wheels, he talks like a child. What was I saying—what was I saying?"

"You were speaking of Reuben," said Olive, gently.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the dwarf, thrusting the knife into his pocket and looking wildly at her.

"Little Reuben the—No, no, you forget the name. Little Ernest, the fair-haired boy they drove out of the Grange that night Slick's puppy died! Hah! hah! I see him now. A pretty child, with a proud little face, like an angel's made angry. He clung to me, fair lady. I'm old and ugly—I was ugly then, oh, very ugly and twisted and bent, like a piece of gnarled oak, but he clung to me that night and many a night after, and called me 'dear Welta.' Ah, yes, yes—little Ernest!"

"Little Ernest," said Olive, softly, a deep pity filling her eyes. "My poor Welta, do not wander. See, you are getting wild, and your hand is hot. Hush, do not speak any more."

"I must," said the dwarf, "I must. The thoughts grow in my head and speak for themselves. Just such a night like this, before the storm. And the lightning came, and he swooped down like lightning on a black horse, and his face like thunder! But did I care? No! Welta would have faced the demons of the bottomless pit for the child's sake! No, he stood before the horse and dared the rider!"

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Olive, thinking it best to humour him until his mood had worn itself out.

"Weren't you there, fair lady," said the dwarf, waving his hand, "when he rode in, scattering the boys like chaff? Hah! hah! John Verner, the gipsies do not betray innocent people's children into a monster's clutches!"

"John Verner!" breathed Olive.

"Aye, aye," muttered the dwarf, "it was him; come after the child he had beaten and bruised—the child he'd liked to have killed. It stood in his path, fair lady, and he'd have swept it out as I sweep this burning branch—so! It is gone. Poor child!"

Olive grew more puzzled.

"Do you mean Morgan?" she said; "Morgan, when he was a child?"

"Morgan," repeated Welta, with a stare; "no." And he laughed hoarsely. "His father had kind, soft words enough for him. It was the other fair-haired child—little Ernest. A pretty boy—a pretty boy."

"Little Ernest Verner, who died, poor child?" breathed Olive.

"Died! Hah! hah! No!" said Welta. "Who said little Ernest died?"

Olive stared at the wild, grotesque face, half in alarm, half in excitement.

"The world said so and says so still, Welta," she said, in a low voice.

"The world's an idiot!" retorted the old man, snapping his long brown fingers in the air and showing his teeth. "The world's an idiot! Little Ernest lived! I—Welta, the ugly dwarf—saved him! I stood before the horse and dashed the faggot in his face—so!" And he dashed a brand against a tree. "And the beast, with the beast on its back, flew like a ghost. Hah! hah! and then the poor little pale-faced child was safe—was safe!"

He wiped the perspiration from his brow and bent backwards, as if he were communing with himself and had forgotten Olive's presence.

"I took him—he always clung to me—and I taught him to swim, to jump, to run, to walk upon the tight rope, and to fear nothing—to fear nothing!" he repeated, with a smile of pride. "He could do all—everything! Nothing was too hard for him, and he was as gentle and patient as a woman and as brave as a man. Ah! how the people used to roar at him and clap like thunder! How they'd crowd round him, and the ladies and the women kiss him!

Was he proud of it? No; he clung to his old Welta and loved him!"

He paused for a moment, and leant forward to wards Olive with a stilled face and solemn air.

"Do you remember," he said, thinking that he was talking to one of the women of the tribe, "do you remember how we came to Woolsey at the fair time? how he swung on the trapeze up in the air—up in the air? What a prince he looked in his little, skin-like clothes—how the people roared at him! Do you remember how he rode in the ring? The horses, they loved him, and they'd watch him out o' the corners of their eyes to see if he was safe! Do you remember —"

Here he paused, and a shudder ran through him as his voice dropped to a low, hoarse key.

"How in the evening, when the tent was crammed to the poles, how he rode round, so brave and fair, until he came to drive them six abreast. Hah!" And the dwarf shuddered and clasped Olive's arm. "Face it now! There they come, all fresh and glistening, all white and clean, and the people clapping, and then quiet. And now a little girl—a pretty little girl—jumps up and screams! Look! My boy turns, stares, misses his leap, and falls under the lashing, shining feet."

Olive, whose breath had been coming faster and faster, and over whose senses a spell seemed to fall, rose pale and trembling.

"He's down! he's killed! my beautiful boy's killed! No; I drag him! The horses kick me! I don't feel them—I don't care—let them kick! I drag him out, all white and bleeding! Hah! hah! I drag him out!"

Olive fell on to the log and put out her hand imploringly.

"Spare me! spare me! I was that little girl!" And she hid her face in her hands.

"You," echoed Welta, dully; "you! Hah—where was I?"

"Tell me," sobbed Olive, "was he dead? Did he die?"

A cunning look spread itself over Welta's face. "That's just what he asked—the old gray-haired sinner. Hah! hah! he came creeping into the tent, where my boy laid, all white and over blood, with his little arms and legs twisted, and his pretty silk tights crimson. Hah, the old, cunning fox creeps round and looks at him."

"Is he dead?" says he.

"Dead," I says, for I knew him, I knew old Griley of the Grange—hang him! "Dead," I says, between my teeth. "Look at him."

"Then a doctor came in and tries to lift my boy and says kind things, careless like. Oh, I know, I know they means nothing—all the fine words, the fine, kind gentleman says. And he says he's dead, quite dead."

"Dead," sobbed Olive, wringing her hands. "Poor boy, I killed him."

Welta looked at her in an absent, dreamy fashion, as if interrupted by something he did not understand and rambled on.

"Then they went, all o' 'em, and left me and my darling alone. And I cried and swore and anathematised all the world. Then I see him move, and I thought I was mad. But I wasn't, for he moved agin, and I caught him up and hurried off with him to my own hut. Hah, hah! if anybody could bring him back to life, it was Welta, Welta—and I did!" he exclaimed, his face kindling wildly, and his hand clenching his breast.

"I did. My boy lived—lived. Oh, oh, cunning fox, I brought him back to plague ye yet. Yes, he lived, but, poor boy, poor boy"—here he shook his head—"all gone—all gone!"

"What, reason?" breathed Olive, eagerly and fearfully.

"No, memory," answered Welta, touching his forehead. "He'd no mind for the past, no mind for the night he'd run to the gipsy's camp, and he knew no one 'cept poor Welta. Welta was too ugly to forget—too ugly. Aye, all gone, all memory gone, but nothing else. His limbs come straight and smooth again, and he was my darling boy once more."

"Thank Heaven!" breathed Olive, clasping her hands.

Old Welta stared at her in stolid surprise and stirred the fire.

"Reuben will be back directly," he muttered, "and he likes to see the fire. He reads o' nights, lady. He reads the books the fair lady at the Hall lends him."

The wild words recalled all the bitterness of the present to poor Olive.

She sighed and clasped her hands in her lap.

"Go on," she said.

"What," said Welta. "You'd have none o' my boy. Well, they found fault o' my givin' so much time to the precious angel, and they turned on the like curs—aye, and I turned on them. I left them,

lady, left my people and wandered out in the world with my boy."

"You were happy," murmured Olive.

"Happy," echoed the dwarf. "Who could be unhappy with my bright, cheerful, brave-hearted lad? He'd work and sing like a lark. And he was a scholar, too, lady, a scholar, and he'd read about history, and the stars, and the country where the gipsies came from. And he was proud o' his people. For the gipsies were his people; I told him so, and he called me grandfather. Happy, aye, happy as the days are long, until bad luck sent us to Deane Hollow. A spite and a curse hangs over it, says I, and may the curse work down on him as holds it now! We came here, my boy and I, and—why do you stare, lady? You look at me with them wild eyes; look at the fire. I can't speak—the words fly round like the wheels. I—why!"—he started suddenly and drew near to her.

"Listen," he said, in a hoarse voice. "We came here, and a witch that lives in the house yonder—that big house they call the Hall—bewitched my boy and drove him mad."

Olive shrank from the savage gleam in the dark eyes, and he, seeming to increase in passionate ferocity each moment, went on:

"She was beautiful and kind, he said, but I knew I knew, and one night, just to please her, he rode a race with life, and some villains beat him and cut him—he that couldn't bear a blow—and then the witch smiled on him and had him to live near her at the Hall. There it is. Curse it, lady—curse it and her too!" And he shook his open hand at it.

"No, no," breathed Olive.

"She wanted him near her that she might play with him like a toy at a fair. And he was more and more bewitched, till one day she made him swim in the mill stream just to give her pleasure, and then she drove him mad—mad! and—he did mad things, I saw him creep like a snake through the long grass by the Hall that night the gold was missed."

Olive moaned and hid her face in her hands.

"He was mad—mad—mad! 'm mad—we are all mad! And what sent him mad? She did, the witch. She looked down on him and scorned him. She was a lady, and he was a poor gipsy—her servant. "Idiot!" screamed the dwarf, rising and standing over the crouching figure of Olive. "Idiot! She thought him fit only to tread on! Tell her that he was her mate—her equal: that Reuben was Lord of Deane Hollow and Squire of the Grange! Aye, to Reuben belongs all the lands ye see, and houses and gold! Reuben, my boy is Ernest Verner, William Verner's only son, Squire of the Grange!"

Olive rose, white and trembling.

A dim, hazy suspicion had hovered about her that some such awful would result from the mingled delirium, but she was overwhelmed by the vehemence and suddenness of the declaration. Could she believe her ears?

She looked aghast, bewildered at the elfish figure, upon which the red light of the fire fell with weird effect.

Madness was in the wild eyes and about the twitching mouth.

It was all a dream—a maniac's delusion.

Something of her doubt was palpable in her face.

Welta seemed to catch it.

With a quick gesture of secrecy and cunning, he caught her arm and drew her down to the log seat again.

"Hush," he said, "we are all mad! But what does it matter? I've got things here as are not mad—here." And he struck his breast. "Here old Welta carries the proofs, the proofs which the gray-headed old fox would give his two ugly eyes for. Yes, here," he mumbled, "Welta has 'em safe."

Olive bent over towards him, her breath coming quickly.

"Oh, Welta, show me."

He looked at her fixedly.

"Show you," he repeated. "Why? Let me look at your face."

Olive bent closer, and the dwarf caught up a brand and held it over her as he glared into her eyes.

"It's a honest face," he muttered. "I'll ask Reuben if I shall show 'em to her."

Olive moaned.

"Are you waiting for Reuben?" she asked.

Welta nodded.

"Yes, yes. He'll come presently—presently. Do you know my Reuben?"

Olive could only incline her head.

"Is he not brave and big? I'm his grandfather? Who'd a think it to see us twain together? He so tall and old Welta so twisted. Hah, hah! he's a brave lad—a brave lad. He's a gipsy," he added, looking at her suspiciously. "You know him, lady?"

"Yes," said Olive, faintly.

"Hist!" whispered Welta. "I'll show ye." And with cautious fingers, he drew from his breast a package, which could only have been concealed there by the fact of his being twisted and bent so much that a contortion more or less excited no wonder.

"Hist!" he said. "You see this."

Olive nodded.

"What is it?"

Olive shook her head.

"Look," he exclaimed. And, kneeling down in front of the fire, he untied the package and removed a covering of oilskin.

Then, with eager trembling, one would have added reverent fingers, he drew from it a child's clothing of the finest linen.

"See," he said. "Look, there's more."

Then he held up between his finger and thumb a small book, such as children were wont to be presented with in those days.

It was stained and bent, but the gilt still shone, and on its cover was emblazoned a crest, which glittered in the firelight.

"Look," said Welta; and he held up a pair of silver buckles and a pair of child's shoes.

Then, with a cautious gesture, he drew forth a few sheets of paper.

"There," he exclaimed, "these are Reuben's. See them, lady. Touch them gently; they are precious to old Welta. Gold would not buy them—gold would not buy them."

Olive held out her hand and took them, old Welta's fingers clinging to them, reluctant to let them go.

Then, by the firelight, Olive saw that the little garments were marked with the Verner crest, that the coat of arms on the cover of the book was the Verners, that the buckles were stamped with the same crest, and that on the fly-leaf of the book was written:

"To Ernest Verner  
"From his loving father,  
"William Verner."

Olive stared at them with bewildered vision. Old Welta's eyes wandered from her face to the articles in her hands.

"He wore these when he ran away. I kept them. That book was in his pocket. You can read, lady—you are a scholar. What does it say? Hah, hah! who is the Squire of the Grange now?" And he chuckled with elfish delight and malice. "Look at the paper, lady. Read it."

Olive took the sheets of paper and found that they were pasted on linen.

"Read it, read it. You are a scholar, lady," muttered old Welta, creeping closer and looking up into her face.

In a low voice, hollow and tremulous, Olive read: "We, the undersigned, declare, and if alive will come forward and swear, that Ernest Verner took shelter in the tents on the night of —, 17—. That the same Ernest Verner accompanied us as one of ourselves on all our travels, that he met with an accident while performing in a circus at Woolney fair, and that he recovered and left the tribe in company with Welta the dwarf."

"We declare also that we have examined and noted the scars of the wounds made by the horses' hoofs when he fell under them, and that we can recognise him by those scars. We swear that we have pledged ourselves to keep these facts a sacred secret until commanded to declare them by the chief, Welta, and we have taken oath according to the manner of our race."

Then followed a list of names which were roughly and alternately written, but which Olive read.

At each name old Welta chuckled and muttered: "Yes, yes, he remembers. He can swear."

Olive sat turned to stone.

"See, lady. That was written by one of our tribe, a scholar who had left us to learn the ways of the world, but came back. He is alive. He can swear. Hush! give me back the paper. Reuben will be here presently."

At this Olive's heart-wound seemed to open and bleed.

A cry forced itself through her lips.

At the sound Welta started and snatched at the paper.

"Give it to me, give it to me," he cried, hoarsely. "You'll wake him. He is asleep there in the hut. He must not know. No, no—he would leave his old Welta, and I can't, I can't part from him. Give me the papers."

His trembling hands clutched them, and in his excitement he seemed unable to fasten the packets. Olive, stunned by all that she had learnt, hid her face in her hands.

"Hush," said Welta; "you won't tell? You won't tell what I have said?" he asked, suddenly.

Olive looked up at him with pale, sad face.

"Dear Welta, it matters not. Nothing in the world is of any consequence. Oh, Reuben, Reuben, why did you die?"

"Die," breathed Welta, staring at her and then round him, as if he had been mistaken in the word.

"Die! Who said that? Who are you?" And he advanced to her with a wild look. "Hah!" he screamed, bending down to her, "I know you. You are the witch. You charmed my boy from me, you have charmed his secret out of me. What have you done with him? Where have you hidden him, witch? My poor, mad boy! Hah! hah!" And his voice rang out wild and savagely. "You shall not laugh and sing his soul away. No, witch, you shall not drive my poor boy mad. Dead, dead—who says he's dead?"

"Why, poor Welta, he is away from all trouble, all sorrow now," sobbed Olive, looking up at the distorted face pityingly.

"Who says so?" hissed Welta, with a fearful look. "You do, witch—you killed him! Then I will kill you!"

He snatched out a long knife as he spoke, and sprang upon her.

Olive slipped upon her knees and turned her white face to him.

"I'll kill you, witch!" hissed the mad dwarf. "You killed my boy—my Reuben. You shall die!"

"Kill me, Welta," murmured Olive.

Then, as the knife was raised and the teeth of the dwarf glittered murderously, she turned her beautiful face heavenward and breathed:

"Reuben—I come! I come!"

The knife poised on high trembled, the fierce, awful face above her looked upwards, and suddenly, with an awed expression, turned to her again.

"She hears him," he muttered. "Reuben is calling to her—he loves her. No, Welta will not kill her. See, you are going to Reuben. Take these—take these to him." And, with a solemn gesture, he dropped the knife and placed the packet in Olive's hands.

Then, with a fixed gaze heavenward, he murmured:

"Go, go! Reuben calls you—go!"

Olive rose in a dream, her senses overwrought were in a state of coma.

She held the packet to her bosom and, impelled by the weird forefinger which had so lately threatened her life but now commanded her to go, she moved, dream-like and unconscious, out of the wood.

Then, as her form glided away, Welta still looking upward, fell to the ground in a faint.

## CHAPTER LVI.

WITH all due apologies to his lordship for deserting him at so critical a time, we will, with our reader's permission, leave the fortunes of Olive Seymour for a space, and return to the wilds of Australia.

Without compass, and totally ignorant of his whereabouts, Lord Craven felt his responsibility to be no light one; but it must be confessed that it did not weigh upon him with any very painful persistence.

Try as he would to regret the circumstances which had thrown upon his care a beautiful young girl, as innocent and trusting as an antelope, he could not drive from his heart a strange secret delight in the situation.

Lord Craven was a gentleman, whose code of honour was as strict and severe as the Chevalier Bayard's, and Mary, hopeful, innocent and pure, was as safe in his charge, as if her father had been by her side. No parent, no brother could have been more careful and watchful of their daughter or sister, than was Lord Craven of the young Australian, and hourly the danger of the woods seemed to grow less in the girl's eyes, and the delight of his companionship greater.

Still pushing on towards the south, Lord Craven conducted their day's march in this fashion:

They would start early in the morning, after a breakfast, from which Lord Craven had shot or snared, or stolen from some bush nest.

Mary seated on the horse, and her companion walking by its side, or, often as not, his hand resting on the saddle.

They would go half-trotting, half-walking until midday, when a halt would be proclaimed near some spring, and Lord Craven, after arranging the saddle-clothes for his charge, would hunt for dinner.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and to detail the tricks and ruses by which the young and once idolent young nobleman watched or coaxed a dinner for two people would require a volume.

At any rate, by hook or by crook, something was

always steaming or smoking at the noon-day meal, and then the journey would be resumed.

Perhaps Mary enjoyed the afternoon ride better than the morning, for then Lord Craven would carefully measure out a half-pipe of tobacco, and as carefully and economically smoke it; he always, too, in the afternoon, allowed the horse to go slower, and then he would talk.

Those talks!

How the unsophisticated, pure-hearted child of nature revelled in them.

What a sight it was to see her dark, meanful eyes open to their widest, at some story of English grandeur or beauty.

Lord Craven, leaning on the saddle, would look up with a half-smile on his lips, and tell her of London, the great city, of its wealth and power.

Then he would describe some of the castles and large estates, and once in rather an amusing way, he described Craven Hall.

This description Mary seemed to relish more than any other, and at intervals she would exclaim:

"Oh, how beautiful! How grand! And have you seen that, Walter?"

He had taught her to call him by that name, and it sounded to him the sweetest and most musical he had ever heard.

"Yes," he said to her, "I have seen it, Mary."

"Oh, how I should like to see it!" she breathed.

"You would?" he replied, looking up at her.

"Yes," she said, ingenuously, "but never shall, you know."

"I don't know that," he replied. "Who can tell?"

"My father will never go to England," said Mary, with a half-sigh. "He is an Australian, and proud of his country; besides, he is a great farmer—he could not leave his sheep. Dear father!"

She sighed with a half-blush, as for the first time she remembered that she had not felt much sorrow at her absence from his side.

"Do not look so sad, Mary," Lord Craven hastened to murmur. "We shall come upon some friends soon who will tell us all about him, and show us where to find him. I feel sure that he is safe. How glad you will be to see him!"

"Yes," said Mary, "and you too."

"He does not know me," remarked Lord Craven, with a smile.

"No, but he will know you saved my life, and how good you have been to me, and he will thank you and love you! Oh, my father will love you!" she repeated, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I shall be glad of that," said Lord Craven. "It will be something of a novelty!"

And he mused rather bitterly.

In that land he had left, how many could he say had loved him?

"Why," said Mary, turning her inquiring gaze upon him with innocent wonderment.

"Have you not many friends in England?"

"Yes," said Lord Craven.

"And they do not love you?" she said, with such an innocent flattery that Lord Craven's face was gravely flushed.

"They are not all like your father, Mary; hearts are not so simple, nor natures so kindly in crowded England, as they are here in the bush. Love is very scarce there—very—and are the sweeter, perhaps," he ventured.

Mary thought for a moment.

"Do you not want to go back to England?" she asked, in rather a low voice. "That beautiful land full of such grand places and lovely sights!"

"No," said Lord Craven, and had she been the least versed in coquetish ways, she would have read the look in his eyes.

"No, I have no wish to see England again; but I must go before long."

"You must!" she broke in, with a half-scared look.

"Yes," he said.

"No—not before you have seen my father!" she said.

"What, and leave you here alone, Mary?" he smiled.

"No, no, I know you would not do that!" she said, with a long look of gratitude, "but you will see father—and you said you wanted to learn how to become a sheep-farmer. You cannot learn in a day; you must stay some time!"

"Tell me about it now," said Lord Craven, longing to keep her musical voice in his ears. "Tell me all about it, Mary, and then I shall be learning."

Then in an artless, eager fashion, the child went through an account of the sheep-farmer's daily life, her voice growing deeper and sweeter in her evident attempt to make the description amusing, and Lord Craven, pondering as he walked at her side, and



[THE SECRET REVEALED.]

listened, whether it would not be well to turn sheep-farmer, and forget for ever that such a place as Craven Hall, and such a man as Lord Craven, ever existed.

Could Arthur—the grim, silent Arthur—have been with them, Lord Craven would have been perfectly happy.

He talked to Mary of this devoted, unselfish, disinterested and noble friend, often, and with the greatest enthusiasm.

"He is the noblest, the handsomest, the bravest fellow you ever saw, Mary; and, as I have told you so many times, he it was who really saved your life!"

But Mary always smiled incredulously at the last statement, and smiled, a sweet smile of unbelief, full in her companion's face.

"You saved my life," she said, "no one else, only you!"

One night Lord Craven had lit a huge fire, and made Mary comfortable in the saddle-cloths beside it, and, having said good-night, stole off to some little distance for a pace to and fro before he turned into his hammock, which was so strung that no one could approach the fire without his hearing of it.

It was a lovely night, the moon peeping out from fleecy masses of fast-fleeting clouds, upon which Lord Craven feasted his eyes dreamily.

A stream, white and pure, ran bubbling at a little distance, and Lord Craven, after a glance back at the camp fire, strode down to it, that he might bathe his feet, which were torn by the day's march through bramble and thorn.

He was just revelling in the cool, clear water, when a movement behind him caused him to spring to his feet, always ready for a surprise.

At a little distance a pair of glittering eyes shone out from among the tall grass, and seemed fixed on him with a world of deadly meaning.

Lord Craven, who had learnt something of bush tactics from Arthur, did not remain standing for a mark another moment, but dropped into the grass, and drew himself along almost with the rapidity of a snake towards the fire which was hidden by the tangled brake.

He had not proceeded many yards before a man's figure came bounding through the air and alighted almost on top of him.

Then Lord Craven sprang to his feet, leapt to a rock, and, planting his back against it, drew his bowie knife.

His assailant gave a peculiar low cry, and in

another moment two other figures, the one a stalwart man of middle age, were before him.

Lord Craven looked from one to the other, trying to discover from their appearance whether they were fossickers or diggers.

By the long knives which glittered in their hands he decided that they were the former, and setting his teeth hard he grasped his bowie and determined to sell his and Mary's life dearly.

One of the crew, the thickest one, advanced slightly and held up his knife.

"Utter a sound and you are a dead man!" he said.

Lord Craven smiled contemptuously. "Cowards!" he breathed. "Spare your threats and come on!" And he waved his knife.

The thickest man ground his teeth, but restrained himself and the other two by a gesture.

"Give him a chance," he said, in an excited whisper. "Come, fellow, we are three to one! You have no chance unless we give you one. Answer my question, and refrain from giving the alarm to your gang, and we will give you your life."

Lord Craven nodded. "All depends upon the question," he replied, haughtily.

The thickest man drew a long breath. "You— you have a woman in your camp," he said, in a low voice.

Lord Craven declined no reply.

"Cut him down!" interposed one of the younger men.

"Silence!" said the first speaker. Then, turning to Lord Craven.

"It is useless to deny it, ruffian. We know it. See!" And he held up a piece of Mary's dress, which had been torn away by the bushes.

Lord Craven nodded, and, deeming it best to dissemble, retorted haughtily:

"And what if we have?"

"There," exclaimed one of the others, "I said so!"

"Good," said the first speaker. "Now, if you value your life, tell me where she is."

"Not for a thousand lives," retorted Lord Craven, hotly.

Not another word passed.

The younger men dashed at him, holding their long knives with deadly grip, and the elder one ran round and leapt upon the rock.

In another moment there was the clash of steel

and the sharp, quick breathing of desperate men at the deadly game of life and death.

Lord Craven could not deal a blow.

He thought of Mary, and determined while health remained to keep his life for her service and protection.

With his long knife and a thick stick he carried, he kept the two knives from his head, though they cut his arms and shoulders till the blood ran down.

Enraged by his resistance the two younger men drew closer, and Lord Craven, who had been waiting for the moment, gathered himself together to make a spring over them.

But at the instant he felt a crushing weight upon him, and rolled to the ground with the elder man on top of him.

Then came a gripping, tugging, tearing struggle of a minute or two, a deep, guttural cry of despair, and then a silence.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed one of the men.

"Give me the handkerchief," cried another; and in the twinkling of an eye Lord Craven was gagged.

"Now, where are the rest?" exclaimed the elder man, with a groan. "There must be more, and they must be near."

Ere he had finished a woman's cry rang through the air.

With a start the three men dashed forward through bramble and bush, and sprang beside the hidden camp fire.

Leaning on one elbow and gazing round her with white, terrified face, was Mary.

Pausing to stare round them with wonderment at the absence of the expected foe the three men sprang to her side, the elder dropping on his knees beside her and crying:

"Mary, my Mary!" in accents of the deepest joy. "Father!" screamed the girl. "Father, is it you?"

Then followed a scene beyond the powers of description.

The father cried, and laughed, and wept in the same breath.

The daughter clung to him, sobbing and trembling; the two men stood aside with tears in their eyes.

"Safe—you are safe—unhurt! Tell me, darling," said the father.

"Yes, quite, quite, dear, dear father," sobbed Mary.

(To be Continued.)



[GOOD-BYE, MRS. ARNOLD.]

## TRUE WORTH.

## CHAPTER XXX.

We parted from Belle Arnold hatted and shawled ready for a day's work, as she termed it.

She bent her steps directly to Susan Scott's modest little cottage, and with her present feelings, and with the remembrance of her present circumstances, she envied her its possession, and even was she the owner of her "first class house, in a first class neighbourhood," as now she was not she felt that there was more happiness in that cottage than she had enjoyed in her three years of fashionable folly and extravagance.

There was an air of neatness, of comfort, of homeliness, which sent a thrill of pleasure to her heart, and she longed to be the occupant of just such a house.

For an instant she lingered looking at it, and was ascending the step to knock at the door when it was opened by Susan, who had perceived her as she sat sewing in her little parlour, and hastened to greet her.

"Come in, Belle—come in," said Susan, seizing her hand, and greeting her with a bright, joyous smile, which went directly to the heart. "There, sit down; take off your hat and shawl, and tell me how you get on;" and she spoke with an earnest, affectionate tone which drew tears to the eyes of her sister.

"Why, Belle," said Susan, soothingly, "I hope there is no new trouble?"

"Oh, don't—don't—please don't, Susan," said Mrs. Arnold, now sobbing outright.

"Why, Belle, what do you mean? Don't what?"

"Don't speak so kindly to me. Don't treat me so; I don't deserve it."

"Oh that's it, is it?" said Susan, smiling, and putting her arms around her sister's neck affectionately. "Don't you want me to love you, and won't you love me? We have some claim upon each other."

"Love you, Susan! Oh! I wish you knew how my heart throbs with gratitude to you. If you could only feel how much I want you to love me."

"Belle, dear," said Susan, taking both of her hands in her own, "the law once made us half sisters—let love make us wholly so. I want to love you, and won't you let me?"

"Dear—dear Susan!" exclaimed the happy, excited Belle, rising, and throwing herself on her friend's neck, "how little I deserve such treatment at your hands, and—"

"H—sh—there, that will do, let bygones be bygones. I have been very unhappy—miserably—wretchedly so. You are unhappy now, and I should be wanting in gratitude to my kind Heavenly Father who raised up friends for me in my hour of trouble, if I did not feel now for you. Don't talk of the past. Let us see what can be done to make the future bright. Love me, and let me love you, and if the past does ever recur to either of us, let it only serve to draw us together the closer. Come, now, wipe your eyes. Sit down, like a good woman, and tell me all about your troubles."

"How happy you must be here," said Belle, when she had recovered her composure, looking around the neat little parlour, and with the faintest kind of a sigh.

"Happy! as happy as the day is long. My husband is the kindest and best of men, and I have two of the darlingest children that ever breathed," and her countenance actually beamed with the happiness she strove to express.

"How happy I would be if I had such a home as this," said Belle, half mournfully.

"What! a house like this, after your palace, Belle, you are wild."

"I am very earnest, Susan. As I come along, I paused to look at your dear little cottage, and I thought to myself how gladly I would give up my palace if I had it, to be the mistress of such a place as this. But it won't do to sigh about it now. Can you spare an hour or two to me this morning?"

"Certainly, if I can do any good."

"Then put on your hat and shawl, and I will tell you as we walk what I want of you—Susan," said Belle, suddenly changing her tone, "I saw Robert's uncle last night."

"You saw him—did he come to see you?"

"No; Robert told me something in the afternoon, which, if I had known before, might have deprived me of this present pleasure, for if I had known as much before I saw you, as I did afterwards, I would never have troubled you—I beg pardon, Susan, I did not mean to use that word," she hastily interrupted, seeing a slight shade pass across Susan's face, at the word "troubled." "I know it is a pleasure to you to do anything for the unhappy, and Heaven knows I was unhappy enough when I saw you. But—I must not tell even you the true cause of my misery."

Thank Heaven, and your dear good kind friend, Mr. Arnold, that has vanished."

"Dear, and kind, and good, indeed he is," said Susan, who was donning her hat and shawl as she was speaking. "If ever woman or man had a true and noble friend, we have one in him. And do you know, Belle," she continued, as she tied her bonnet on (they wore bonnets in those days), "I do not know even to this hour what has induced him so to befriend me, except that he knew my mother."

"There's something at the bottom, Susan; but come, hurry, I must do a great deal to-day, and get home in time for Robert."

We will not follow Belle and her sister, for such they had already grown to be—fond, loving, and sympathising sisters—the wife of one who, but a few days since, was the apparently rich merchant, and the happy wife of the steady, industrious mechanic—verily it has been well said that *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamus cum illis*.

Whatever was the nature of their business, it was transacted before three o'clock, and Belle reached home somewhat fatigued, but exceedingly happy, for hers had been a labour of love.

As Robert would probably not be at home until five o'clock, she gave some directions to Martha, for all the others had left already, and again started out.

A brisk walk of a few moments, which brought a glow to her cheeks, found her at the door of Mr. Hardman's house.

She knew that he would be at home by that hour, and with the ambition excited by love, was anxious to finish what she had begun, before the day closed.

At her request, she was shown into the library, and the servant was requested merely to say, that a lady wished to see him, for she did not care then to see Mrs. Hardman at present.

"What! you here, Mrs. Arnold," he said, as he entered and saw who was his visitor. "Let me send for Mrs. Hardman."

"No, please do not; I came to see you, and on business," she said, placing her hand on his arm as he turned to summon his wife. "Please let me see you a few minutes alone," and bowing, Mr. Hardman seated himself.

"Of course, Mr. Hardman, you know of my husband's misfortunes?"

"I heard of his failure yesterday, and was not at all surprised. I have so long and so often warned him against the certain consequences which must follow his mode of doing business, and his extravagance in his mode of living."

"He did not heed it, or I would not be here now

for my present purpose. But let me tell you at once what has brought me here. More than the half, yes, all of Robert's troubles have been caused by me. My foolish pride and vanity led me to urge him on in his course of extravagance and folly, even when he has told me again and again that he ought to stop—I did not, and would not listen to him—no matter now why I did not; I have caused the trouble, and I must do all I can to make amends for it. Of course you know we give up the house?"

"Yes, I presume so."

"Now I have made up my mind to show what a woman can do, and to prove that I have not forgotten my duty as a wife and a mother. Of course we must have a home somewhere, and as for boarding at present, I think Robert would be perfectly wretched at the very thought of it. I have been looking about all the morning, and have found a nice snug part of a house in William Street, which I want to hire—will you go security for the rent? It is only thirty pounds."

"Well, really," said Mr. Hardman, taken somewhat aback at the suddenness and singularity of the request—"I—"

"Oh, pray do not refuse me. I know that Robert as soon as he gets over his trouble, will find something to do, and I do so wish him to have a home. I know he can pay the rent, and if he cannot, I have jewellery more than enough for that."

"And how do you mean to furnish your house, Mrs. Arnold?" he said, growing interested at this singular proposition.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, eagerly, "I shall sell my jewellery, enough of it for that purpose, for plain good things, and I can do very well for the present. Please do not refuse me, and please do not say a word to Robert about it."

"Really," said Mr. Hardman, thrusting his hands in his pockets, and leaning back into his chair, "I don't know how—"

"Oh, do not refuse me. Do not make me feel that we have not one friend in the world—I will see that you do not have to pay the rent—indeed I will. Do, dear Mr. Hardman, do say you will."

"I will," he said, after a momentary pause, hitching about uneasily on his chair. "You may say I will go your security."

"Oh, thank you—thank you—I did not need anything else to make me happy," and she spoke with such enthusiasm, and her face expressed so much pleasure, Mr. Hardman could scarcely realise that it was Belle Arnold. She who a few days ago was living in the most extravagant style, surrounded with every luxury, so ready to yield up everything, and so pleased at the idea of having secured humble apartments for her husband and family!

He moved about nervously in his chair, and it was evident that he was getting excited.

In truth he was, and longed to ask her more of her intentions, but he saw that she was on a mission of love—that she was striving to prove herself the wife and mother, and he felt he had no right then to share the pleasure which she had promised herself.

He honoured the motive which prompted her request to him, and he felt that with such a wife to direct and counsel Robert, now that she had regained her senses, there was hope yet for him.

"I can only thank you now from my heart, Mr. Hardman," she said, earnestly, as she arose to depart, "I must hurry home before Robert gets there, for I do not want him to know what I have been doing. I mean to surprise him."

"You cannot surprise him more than you have myself, Mrs. Arnold," he said, extending his hand, and Belle blushed at the rebuke and compliment. "Go on, and I will promise you all will come out right yet; I will not say a word to your husband, for I would not deprive you of one particle of the happiness I see you anticipate," and shaking her hand warmly, he led her to the front door, and she took her leave.

"I declare, what a day's work I have done," Belle said to herself, as she walked rapidly homeward. "But I feel as light and happy as a school-girl. I wonder what Robert will say when he knows what I have been doing. Oh, how happy he will be. I wish I was out of that house now, the very sight of it makes me sad," and with such thoughts running through her active brain, she reached her home.

Robert had but just arrived, and was wondering where she could be at that hour, for it was now dusk, when she entered.

"Oh, Belle dear, where on earth have you been at this time of day?"

"Ask me no questions and I will tell you no fibs," she said, laughing. "Come Martha, dinner, we are all very hungry."

"No, let Martha tend the children, there are servants enough to get dinner without her."

"Are there, indeed?" she said with a meaning smile, as she threw her hat and shawl on the sofa.

"You had better call them, then, and see if they will come."

"I don't know what you mean," he said, wonderingly.

"It is very easily explained. I have paid and discharged all the servants but Martha. We can get along alone very well for the present."

Robert caught her purpose in a moment, and thanked her with a kiss.

Everything now seemed to have undergone a change, as sudden as it was great, and the dinner prepared by the combined efforts of Belle and Martha, and served by the only remaining servant—for the rest had like rats quitted the sinking ship—was partaken with a zest, to which Robert and Belle had long been strangers. They had a long and earnest conversation after the meal was concluded, and Belle had several times to bite her lips to prevent her from betraying her secret, for she had a secret, and meant to keep it, even from her husband, until the proper time for him to hear it.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE news of Mr. Arnold's misfortune spread with marvellous rapidity throughout every house in the "first class neighbourhood" where he resided, thanks to the zeal of the discharged servants, and it was astonishing to witness the unanimity of opinion among his friends.

Some knew long ago that he was in a bad way, and could not hold out much longer—in fact, they rather wondered that he had kept up so long.

Others had long suspected that he was going too fast for his means, and would eventually break down.

Others again scouted at the idea of his setting up a carriage; and still others always had believed, and now they knew, that he had no foundation upon which to cut so great a flourish, and were not at all surprised at the result.

Of course, they were to be cut and forgotten, and the first wonder among their friends was, when they would be sold out.

Poor Belle!

If she could have heard the remarks made about her by those upon whom she had lavished so much attention, and whose friendship she had so sedulously courted, she would have felt almost vexed, resigned as she was to the change, and resolved as she was to discharge henceforth her duties faithfully, as a wife and mother.

But as she might read these pages, and as a perusal of them might awaken unpleasant reminiscences, they will be omitted.

Every one who has been similarly situated, has found precisely the same friends—has heard exactly the same remarks, and has probably wondered if there was no such thing as real truth or friendship in the world.

To these nothing need be said. To those on whom fortune has not yet frowned, and who have never been compelled to resort to three per cent. a month, to keep up appearances, the lesson may not be lost.

Belle had her daily task to perform, and with the aid of Susan, from whom she was now almost inseparable, it was performed.

Robert left the house each morning smiling and happy.

He had a hearty kiss from his wife. The children, unused to evidences of affection from him, clung about his legs as he put on his hat and coat, and followed him with longing, loving eyes, until the turn of the corner hid him from their sight, and when he reached that spot, he was always sure to turn about and blow them a farewell kiss.

At length his affairs in the city were settled. His creditors had taken everything, for he had voluntarily surrendered everything to them, and released him from past liabilities.

His house was advertised to be sold, and the sale of his furniture, by order of the assignees, was duly announced by the fashionable auctioneer, on whom such sales generally devolved, and who had made the greatest possible display of the "attractive and valuable articles," which would be disposed of, in every paper in the city.

The day before the sale of the furniture was to take place, Robert came home at an early hour. He was, it is true, free, but whither was he to turn, and what was he to do?

His family must be kept together, he must earn a living somehow, and now, for the first time, he had an opportunity to reflect.

His business was broken up, his credit was ruined, and his character was measurably impaired, for there were some among his creditors who were not backward to impute to him absolute and wilful fraud.

He had been so engrossed with them—so anxious to arrange, as far as could be done, his affairs to their satisfaction, he had scarcely given a thought to the future.

Then he had told Belle that she must be looking out for some place where they could live; but he really knew not, for he had not inquired what she had done, or whether she had paid any attention to him at all.

And to-morrow he must move out. The elegant house with its costly furniture and elaborate decorations, must pass into other hands; and where was he to go?

No matter—Belle had found some place, he was sure, and when once they were settled he would look out for some employment.

He was in a very unsettled state of mind when he reached his home—or rather his house, for it was no longer his home; and as he opened the door with his night-key, he stumbled over a pile of trunks which filled the lower hall.

On entering the parlour, he found Belle and the children there awaiting him. Their hats and shawls were lying on the piano, and he wondered where they were going at that time of day.

A glance around the parlour cost him one heavy sigh, for the printed numbers affixed by the auctioneer who would reign there on the morrow, were on every article of furniture and on every ornament.

"Belle, dear," he said to his wife, after a kiss all around, "I am through at last. They have found out I have no more to give and nothing to hope for, and they have released me. I am free so far as they are concerned."

"And with a strong heart and willing hand, if you don't get up again, I am much mistaken. But what time is it? I ordered the van to be here at four."

"It wants a quarter, Belle."

"Well, I can wait a quarter now, though I am anxious to be off. Are you sorry to leave these, Robert?" she asked earnestly, surveying the elegantly furnished apartments.

"Not half so sorry as I am that I ever came into them. But, Belle dear, have you found a boarding-place? I have been so busy in the city I have scarcely given that a thought, but left it all to you. Really, I had no time to attend to it," he said, half apologetically.

"And really, Robert, I don't think you would have done as well as I have, if you had found the time. I have managed to secure a place—a real nice place, and with a landlady I am sure you will like, for she thinks a great deal of you," she said, smiling.

"Of me! oh, Belle! you ought not to go where we are known at all. It will be so unpleasant for you. There will be so many remarks made."

"Not at all. I give you my promise that you will never hear a word from her of the past; on the contrary, no one feels more for your troubles than she does, and no one will strive more heartily to make you forget them."

"Well, dear, if you are satisfied of course I shall be. I only want to see you settled, and then I will look about for something to do. I see you are packed up and ready."

"Yes; we shall go as soon as the van comes. Oh, Robert, I have such nice rooms; and—oh! here they come." And she sprang to the window, as a van drove up to the house.

Rushing out to the front door without waiting for the men to ring, she hurriedly gave her directions in a low tone of voice, and in a few moments the trunks were on the van and everything which Robert Arnold and his wife had a right to call their own, had left the house.

That house, the scene of such folly, vanity, and extravagance—that house into which they had moved with such high hopes and brilliant prospects—that house which they now left without one sigh of regret.

"Martha," called Mrs. Arnold over the basement stairs, "we are going now. You look out for the house to-night, and to-morrow, when the men come in for the sale, do you come around—you know where, Martha."

"Yes, ma'am," said the faithful and affectionate girl, whose very heart was wrung by the sad change which had overtaken her kind and indulgent mistress.

"Well, good-night, Martha! Look out that the house don't run away from you," she said, laughingly.

She put on the children's hats and shawls, and then, taking up her own, stood in front of the pier-glass, which filled the space between the front windows.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Arnold," she said, courtesying to her own reflection. "It will be a long time before we meet again in such a place as this. I hope you will have a nice time of it. Come, Robert, I am ready—come, sir, your arm. Good-bye, house! good-bye, folly! good-bye, vanity! and may Heaven grant me happiness!" And she spoke with such a singular mixture of gaiety and emotion that her husband's heart was touched, and a feeling of sadness came over him.

"I hope you will like our new boarding-house and our new landlady," said Belle, smiling, as the front door closed upon them for the last time, and she turned to take a farewell look of the house which she had entered with such different feelings.

"Anything that suits you will suit me," he replied. "You are a dear, cheerful little body, and if you are contented, I am sure I have no right to ask for more. If I had only—"

"There, that will do," she hastily interrupted, feeling that he was about to recur to the past; "never mind preaching now. Let us practice a little, and we shan't need so much preaching. Come, little ones, paddle on—I will tell you where to turn," she said to her children, who, being a few paces ahead of their parents, turned every few steps to see if they were following. "There—turn to the right—up the avenue. I hope you will like the location, Robert."

"Anything, Belle, any place, only let me know that you are contented."

"Oh, of course I am contented, as I selected the place, and I am sure you will like the landlady, for she thinks so much of you." And she smiled archly.

"There they are," she said, as she noticed the van, which had stopped in front of a neat two storey house. "It is not quite so fashionable a locality as our own house, Robert, but perhaps you will find it as pleasant."

"There, upstairs, in the second story, you know I told you," she said hurriedly to the men. "Come, Robert, let me be the first to introduce you to your new rooms and to your new landlady."

"Well, Robert, I hope you like the rooms?" asked his wife, as, entering the parlour, he gazed around in wonder and delight.

Everything was so new, and nice, and neat, and such an air of comfort pervaded everything. The carpets, it is true, were of common ingrain, instead of velvet tapestry; the chairs, in lieu of satin brocade and rosewood, were of maple, with cane bottoms. A small mirror between the windows did the duty of the splendid and costly article which had reflected so much folly, and vanity, and thoughtlessness.

Carved rosewood had given place to plain mahogany, but there was an air of comfort in the very atmosphere, which made everything seem pleasant and cheerful, and which inspired Robert with a feeling of hominess to which he had ever been a stranger, for to say that he had ever enjoyed the true delights of home in his "first-class house in its first-class neighbourhood," would be to tell an untruth.

Belle watched him with loving, delighted eyes, as she saw the expression of pleasure steal to his face; and as he turned to her and asked how she was so fortunate as to get such a nice place, she smiled archly, and replied:

"I suppose you thought I could not do anything but play lady, Robert. You will find out your mistake before long, I promise you."

"I have found that out already," he said, as the last trunk was brought up, and the men paid. "I should really like to know who keeps this house. It looks so neat and clean, and there is such an air of comfort here."

"Do you want to see the lady of the house now?"

"Yes, I suppose it would be as well, for I don't know anything about your arrangements. But what do you pay her?"

"Oh, you can pay what you choose, and you can have what you choose if you pay for it, only give your orders and have the money, mind, sir, the money, and you shall have whatever you call for."

"I don't understand you, dear; send for the lady of the house, and let me see her. I want to know what kind of woman she is. Does she know anything about us?"

"She knows all about you, Robert, I told you before, and thinks a great deal of you."

"Oh, Belle, you should not have told her. It was not necessary—not that I care, but she may make it unpleasant for you."

"It is not polite to interrupt a lady, Mr. Arnold," she said with mock severity. "Let me finish my sentence. The lady of the house knows all about you, and thinks you are one of the dearest, kindest, and best of men. In fact I really think—yes, I am sure, she loves you, but I am not a bit jealous, and

you may love her just as much as you please—will you see her now?"

"Certainly," replied Robert, rather mystified at his wife's remarks, which he knew were playfully made, but which he could not interpret.

"Then come with me," and thrusting her arm into his own, she led him in front of the modest mirror, which spanned the space between the windows, and pointing to herself reflected there, said in a voice half trembling, half joyous: "There she stands, how do you like her looks?"

"Belle—my wife—what does this mean?" and he turned inquiringly to her, laying a hand upon her shoulder.

"It means, Robert, that while you have been toiling and slaving away, I have been busy in town for you. These are my rooms, sir. I hired them. I am to pay for them, and if you will pay your board punctually, you can stay here with me as long as you like."

"And how in the name of goodness have you accomplished this?" he inquired, astonished, as he well might be at this information.

"That is my secret, dear. This is your home—my home—our home, dear husband, and if you are half as happy as my heart wishes to make you, you will have no cause to regret the change. It is all paid for too, Robert, I don't owe a shilling on it, and you may look about and enjoy it just as much as you choose."

"Tell me, dear Belle, how have you done this?"

"The simplest thing in the world. I found the rooms (thanks to the kindness of dear Sue), I hired them, and I have paid for the furniture. You must not ask any more questions, for I shall not answer them. Here is your home, so please take off your hat, and make yourself perfectly at ease. You can amuse the children while I get tea."

"You Belle—you—surely you are not—"

"Mr. Arnold," she said, resuming her air of mock seriousness and well affected dignity, "I beg you to remember that this is my house, and I intend to have my own way. There, sir—amuse the children, or do what you choose—I will call you when tea is ready."

Robert gazed around for an instant, as if he even yet scarcely realised his position. He had just left one home, the scene, as it had been the cause, of so much unhappiness, only to find another ready made, as it were, to his hands, with everything surrounding him which he now desired, and more than he had dared to hope for, and it was all through her—her whom he had looked upon as a weak, giddy, vain, and frivolous woman, caring only for her own pleasures.

His train of thoughts were evidently pleasant, for a smile was upon his face, he watched his children scampering about from room to room, and heard the clatter of cups and saucers in the adjoining apartment.

He is now settled in a new home, and let us leave him there for the present.

(To be Continued.)

## AN IDLE WORD.

How inadvertently spoken, and yet how frequently with serious and painful results? How many hearts has an idle word severed—how many broken? For true it is that a thoughtless expression will make a breach between those that fate, in its visitations, could not divide; hearts that would have struggled together through the storms of life, that would have clung to each other for strength when its buffetings had almost overwhelmed them—that would have braved all the changes of fluctuating fortunes and still see in their own unchanging love a gleam of brightness through the blackest cloud. And yet an idle word—one—has often separated hearts like these. The breach once made, others step in to make it wider and wider; false pride, mistaken feelings, the sudden bitterness the heart can feel, even toward those it loves, all aid the work of cruelty; the distance increases day by day, until, finding it impossible to return, like the wrecked mariner, they give up in despair and sit down to mourn over their fate, careless, it seems, whether they live or die.

And this is not the romance of youthful affection, though there is perhaps more suffering from the early disappointments of the heart than the more serious ones after life produces. No, it is witnessed in the experience of every one; in the friendships of life, in the family circles, in business; what misunderstandings, what ruptures, what bickerings, strife, and irreconcilable differences, have arisen from one idle word! It may have

been spoken in jest, in a spirit of levity, in an attempt to be witty, or it may have been said innocently or inadvertently, with no motive and no intent, and still, for some cause of which you were totally ignorant, a certain party applied the remark, and in a moment a firebrand was kindled.

Jokes are dangerous articles to play with; they are a sort of mouth grenades that are apt to explode before you are aware of it. A joker should understand their nature, and the nature of his company well before he introduces them. He may suppose they will recommend him to favour, but he is frequently mistaken. The man who labours to be witty, generally loses his breath and is considered to have rather a weak mind. Never was there a truer sentence written, and one which, view it in every way, must result in the same conclusion, than that "A silent tongue showeth a wise head."

N F.

## MY STEP-MOTHER.

"EDDIE, what are you thinking of?" asked my father, as I stood looking out of the window, while the big, scalding tears chased each other down my cheeks.

"I was thinking," I answered promptly, "I was hoping that Heaven would forgive you, for I do."

"For what?" he asked, sternly.

"For whipping me so cruelly when I did not deserve it. Oh, father, I know I shut that gate when I left the pasture. I looked back when I reached the house, and the gate was then closed; believe me this time, father," I pleaded, as the cloud darkened on his brow.

"I cannot, Edward. There is no one at home to-day except you and myself. As I came up the road I found the gate open, and Dolly walking toward town. I drove her back and closed the gate, and you have now added falsehood to the first offence, for which I must severely chastise you."

So saying, he stepped into the hall and took a stout rattan from the hat-rack; down came the heavy strokes upon my back and shoulders; but the outward pain was nothing to the burning and smarting of my heart; the agony of those I shall never forget; the tears refused to come as I again returned to the window and bent my burning cheek to the frosty glass. I looked out over the hill, then across the frozen lake, then back to the pasture.

"Father, come quickly!" I cried.

In an instant he was by my side, and in time to see Dolly (our carriage horse) lift the latch, thus allowing the gate to swing open, and walk out into the street.

"Run, Eddie, drive her back, and secure the gate with the lock," said father.

How swiftly I flew on that errand! My body seemed as light as my heart; I was very happy, for twice had I been falsely accused of leaving the gate open; but now I stood acquitted before my father. After performing the errand, I rushed quickly back to the house, hoping to receive some kind word or even a kind look from my father. When I entered the sitting-room he sat caressing my younger brother—Richard—and only looked up to me with a frown, saying:

"Edward, why do you wear your hat on the back of your head? You are clownish!"

After this I was only too glad to retire from the room and creep off in a quiet corner with my book. Presently, Ellen, our housekeeper, came into the room where I was reading, bringing with her a large and beautiful painting of my dead mother, and, without perceiving me, she stopped and placed it upright on the piano before her, kissing the picture passionately, and exclaiming:

"Heaven bless you, dear lady! The good Lord knows I have kept my promise to you in your dying hour. I've been good, and always shall be, to the darling little bairns of yours, whether or not anyone else be."

"Oh, Ellen, what are you doing? Papa won't like it; put mamma's picture right back in pa's room. You know he has said that picture should never leave his room."

This I said in my usual impulsive manner.

"No, Eddie, my darling," she answered, drawing me into her lap, "papa has changed his mind; he wants the picture in the grand, dark parlour. Eddie, my angel, I am going to tell you all about it—your pa is going to bring you a new ma next week; how do you like that?"

"Oh, Ellen, I'm so glad! Will she be good and beautiful like my dear other mamma, and will she teach me how to pray, and to be good, and please papa? Dear Ellen, I should have died long ago if you hadn't loved me!" I exclaimed, throwing my arms around her neck and kissing at the same time her fat, red face.

I never recall this interview without feeling thankful that Ellen was wise enough to present no possible clouds to my mind; I all was sunshine and joy. It was no wonder that I loved Ellen.

My mother had been dead three years, and from my earliest recollections my father had shown undisguised dislike for me, while Richard, (who was at this time six years old, and two years my junior,) was my father's constant companion and idol. This difference was no secret, but was well understood by every member or servant of the family.

I was tall and slender, and altogether an awkward boy, and the knowledge of my father's dislike made me always, in his presence, appear doubly uncouth.

Richard, on the contrary, was my father's ideal of perfection and precision, and was always held up to me as a model.

Worse to endure for my father than my awkward ways was my nervous, impulsive manner of speech; every word I spoke came from my heart without a moment's reflection, and many a time, when it was too late, would I gladly have given worlds to recall my hastily spoken words.

Richard was cool and calculating in his expressions, especially before my father, and often, by his tender looks, when my parent was angry with me, I knew he loved and pitied me, though, for fear of my father's disapprobation, he seldom sympathised farther; but to Ellen I could always go and cry myself to sleep in her strong arms.

Meanwhile, my father had never mentioned this expected advent to me; but I learned, through Richard, that in this also he was my father's confidant. Oh, unsurpassable gulf! how often had I longed to span its tide, and throw myself into my father's arms! But no such luxury was ever mine.

But the glad day came at last. Early in the morning my father had driven to the village and taken the train, returning late in the same evening. How I anticipated that arrival—how I longed to see that mother. They were expected home at eleven o'clock in the evening, for, as I learned afterward, it was my new mother's wish to come directly to her new home and embrace her new children rather than to spend the first few months in travel and pleasure after the fashion of the world, and as my father had proposed.

At eight o'clock Ellen said:

"Eddie and Richard, you must go early to bed; your father wishes it; you will not see your new mother till morning."

Our disappointment cannot be imagined. Hot tears filled my eyes, while Richard threw himself upon the floor, kicking and screaming after the manner of many petted and spoiled children. Ellen wisely left us alone with our grief, and when she returned, half an hour later, she found Richard fast asleep upon the floor, while I was so busy with my own thoughts that I did not hear her enter till she said:

"Come, Eddie, carry the candle, while I bear the boy to his chamber."

So saying, she lifted the stout little frame in her arms, and carried him gently to his downy bed, and laid him tenderly away behind the silken curtains.

"Call me early, and don't forget, Ellen, if I oversleep in the morning," was my last injunction, after prayers and the last "good-night" had been said.

Then Ellen went down-stairs, while I retired, but not to rest. I had determined to see my new mamma before I went to sleep, so I arose and knelt by the window, throwing open the blinds, and looking out into the star-lit night. Long but untiring I waited, while the hall clock chimed nine, ten, eleven. Then how long the minutes seemed. But oh, joy! far out upon the road which I knew they must come appeared the phaeton which I knew so well. Yes, Dolly's gait was unmistakable. That carriage held my mother, and I loved her best of all the earth. Oh, such might be the joy of many a motherless child, where it not for the satanic prejudice with which meddlesome people poison the mind.

Now the carriage stopped at our door; how tenderly my father lifted out his new bride, and with what confidence she upturned her face to his, as they walked into the house. Oh, for a look into that face myself! But, no; I must be satisfied with

but a glimpse through the darkness. How her laugh of joy echoed along the halls, filling my very soul with gladness.

"But," she exclaimed, "the children—Eddie and Richard—where are they? Bring them quickly, Ellen."

"They are asleep, Ruth; we'll not disturb them till morning."

My heart throbbed at father's answer; but I was satisfied when she said:

"Benjamin, I have given up Europe to see those children, and I must see them to-night. Don't stop to dress them, Ellen, but just bring them down in their night-robes."

I waited to hear no more, but rushed out of my room, meeting and passing Ellen on the stairs, as she when to awaken Richard. Mother held out her arms as I entered the parlour, and drew me to her warm, noble bosom.

"Oh, mother," I exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come! I shall love you—I know I shall!"

She did not answer, but I felt her warm tears upon my cheek.

"Edward!" said my father.

His stern voice broke the spell, and I would have slunk away like a whipped cur, had not my mother still retained my hand.

"Let the boy speak," she answered my father. "I like his enthusiasm; he has a heart." And she kissed me again and again.

Ellen now brought Richard into the room, but he was too sleepy to appreciate the situation, and even refused to return our mother's warm kiss. My father tried to arouse him, but in vain, and I truly pitied him, as I noticed his deep blush, that his favourite child should appear thus peevish and unaffectionate. When she bade Ellen put him again to bed, and, turning to my father, clasped her hands around his neck, exclaiming:

"They are noble little fellows, Benjamin, and I thank you that you have seen fit to entrust them to my care and training, and in the name of 'our Father in Heaven' I pledge myself to be a true and devoted mother."

A few days later, one morning, we sat at breakfast longer than usual, and our repast would have seemed like a communion of angels. But, alas! again, for those unguarded and unfortunate expressions of mine. We had finished our meal, but still lingered at table, while my mother was relating some amusing anecdote, in her usual attractive style. Probably I was looking at her more scrutinisingly than usual, for she stopped and asked:

"Eddie, my dear, what are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking," I replied, quickly, "that you are not so beautiful as my other mamma, for your nose is so crooked."

"Edward," commanded my father in anger, "leave the table! Go into your room and stay until dinner time."

My mother did not remonstrate, but, as I entered my room, I heard my father say:

"Ah, Ruth, tears are unbecoming in a bride's eyes."

She answered, sweetly:

"Deal tenderly with that boy—my boy—if you would make his mother's heart happy and her eyes bright and undimmed."

I heard no more, but, seating myself upon a stool, resolved, as I had never done before, to guard well my lips for the sake of my dear mother.

Shortly afterward, my father left the house on business, and my mother brought up a dish of apples to core. Of course I offered to help her in selecting them; then she said:

"As Ellen is in a hurry to make pies I will pare them for her here, if you will assist me in coring them."

How gladly I consented, and how quickly the time sped, as she sat beside me, either singing for me or telling me some enchanting tale. It was there I first heard "Cinderella," "Arabian Nights," "Lord Gulliver's Travels," and many never-to-be forgotten stories. When the apples were finished we were in the midst of a story and of course that must be finished, so the crochet work was brought, and thus the hours sped till noon; meanwhile I had forgotten that I was a prisoner.

A few months later, I was returning from a ramble through the park, when I espied my mother, in her cool, white muslin dress, sitting on a side piazza. I did not notice what she was doing till I reached her side; then I observed that she was eating straw-

berries and cream. At the sight I burst into tears; my mother held out her hand, and I knelt beside her and laid my head in her lap. She did not speak till the storm of feeling had partially subsided, but stroked my hair and cheek in so gentle a manner that I knew she loved and sympathised with, though she did not understand me; then she said:

"My son, tell me thy heart."

"Mother," I said, "I can remember when, just three years ago, my other mother sat on this same porch, on this same rustic chair, and ate strawberries from this same silver porringer; and mamma used to let me get a dessert-spoon and eat from the same dish with her."

Tears filled her eyes while I was speaking, and she said:

"Go, Eddie, bring your dessert-spoon and we will eat together."

"No," I replied, "I was only a little boy then; I am too large—"

"It does not matter; you shall eat with me; it will give me real pleasure."

So I brought the spoon as she bade me, and together we ate, replenishing our dish, till both were satisfied.

E. L. F.

## DON'T WORRY.

To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body, for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated on the disease of another.

It is found in the hospitals that surgeons and physicians who make a specialty of certain diseases are liable to die of them themselves; and the mental strain is so great that sometimes people die of disease which they have only in imagination. We have seen a person sea-sick in anticipation of a voyage, ere reaching the vessel.

We have known persons to die of imaginary cancer in the stomach when they had no cancer or any other mortal disease.

A blindfolded man, slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death.

Therefore, well persons, to remain so, should be cheerful and happy, and sick persons should have their attention diverted as much as possible from themselves.

As a man thinketh so is he. If he wills not to die he can often live in spite of disease, and if he has little or no attachment to life he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their souls and not by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves, they are only receptacles of life—tenements of their souls, and the will has much to do in maintaining the physical occupancy of giving it up.

## THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

### CHAPTER XVI.

THROUGHOUT the long, sweltering midday heat, the little camp by the river lay wrapped in a silence broken only by the murmur of the water, the songs of birds, the humming of insects or the rustling of a snake. But when the soft, cool shadows began to fall and the evening breeze to blow refreshingly over the plain, the Hindoos began to stir, Elliot and Bathurst appeared, their tent was packed for transportation, and preparations for the principal meal of the day were instituted.

And now were brought forth the choice stores which had been procured at Calcutta for the use of Lord Tregaron's heiress—pots of Dundee marmalade, cans of Albert biscuits, potted meats, jellies and plain biscuits, besides fresh fruits procured at Putpur and various other delicacies.

Elliot concocted a cool lemonade in a tall silver jug, and a rude, improvised table was spread, and everything was in readiness for dinner when the young ladies appeared.

They had made a fresh toilet and looked greatly refreshed and strengthened by their long slumber. But there were bistro circles under Sinda's eyes that told of secret mourning and restlessness before sleep had come to her, while Maya looked calm and untroubled, as if nothing now had power to disturb her.

The dinner was necessarily a sort of picnic

affair, and presently something of merriment was developed.

After the meal the march was resumed.

No signs of pursuit had been detected during the day. The guide expressed the opinion that they had eluded their enemies, he having taken a route not usually adopted by travellers.

When they were again upon their way to the southward, and the shadows were deepening, and the yellow stars began to glow mellowly in the azure sky, and the young moon shed a golden lustre, and Bathurst and Maya became absorbed in each other, Elliot rode by the side of Sinda, and she told him of her adventures of the preceding night, of her flight with her maid through narrow and dusky streets, of their narrow escapes from discovery, and of the many terrors crowded into the hours preceding her reunion with her friends outside the city gates.

Then they talked of Sinda's singular history, of her childhood and early youth, of her sovereignty over the little kingdom of Khalsar, and of the queen, whom she had succeeded, and the good missionary, the chief and best friends her young life had known.

Elliot responded to her confidence by telling her, his own history, and talking to her of Lord Tregaron, describing English manners and customs, and assuring her that, as the friend of the earl's heiress, her home would be at Belle Isle.

And Sinda, herself as generous as the sun, having lavished love and treasure upon Maya, felt quite assured that Maya's home was to be shared by her, and that she would never be turned adrift in a strange land or be forsaken by the friend she had dearly loved.

She did not yet know Maya!

They journeyed on all night and halted at sunrise in a little wooded valley near a broad plain just outside the boundary-line of the kingdom of Khalsar.

They were now safe. They had no more fears of pursuit, no signs of an enemy having yet been discovered, and a sense of security that was delightful after their recent anxieties, pervaded their breasts.

Their rest upon this day was unusually profound and refreshing.

At sunset they resumed their march, their guide provided by Mr. Hudspeith having left them in the morning and returned alone in the direction of Putpur, after being literally rewarded by Elliot for his services.

The Parsee Kalloo now resumed his charge of the expedition, much to the distaste and annoyance of his enemy, the Hindoo Puntab.

We need not dwell upon the details of the march during the next few days.

The little train halted during the day and night, journeying only throughout the cool hours of the morning and evening. They had some adventures, but none that resulted seriously.

Maya did not find opportunity to make Sinda acquainted with her "inferior" position, and very probably she was willing to defer the lesson she purposed giving, for there was a haughtiness and girlish majesty about Sinda that impressed even Maya, constraining her respectful treatment.

Maya smiled upon Bathurst, who became more and more devoted to her. Secretly Bathurst admired Sinda above all women he had ever seen, but a marriage with a girl of obscure birth was above all things distasteful to him, and he tried hard to stifle within him the passion that seemed to grow with every hour.

He had acted upon his resolve and had told Maya an astonishing tale of his wealth and grandeur in his native country, had informed her that he was heir to a great title, that his position was equal to that of Earl Tregaron and superior to that of Elliot, and this idle fabrication, which amused him excessively when alone, was implicitly believed by the crafty yet credulous girl. And although she greatly preferred the dark and distinguished beauty of Armand Elliot to the heavy features and sinister looks of Bathurst, yet as the former was only uniformly courteous to her and the latter was lover-like, and she was an inborn coquette, she favoured Bathurst and bestowed upon him the larger share of her society.

Day by day the train advanced to the southward, the heat during the day became more intolerable, the jubilation of Bathurst became greater and his triumph more assured.

And at last, after nearly a month of travel, they were only a few hours' journey from the railway station of Gwalpore, whence they were to take train for Calcutta.

They encamped in the outskirts of a seemingly impenetrable jungle. The stars, big and mellow in that soft southern atmosphere, were glowing, and a radiant moon made the night glorious. The tents were

pitched by a running stream. This was to be the last night of this gipsy life, and a sort of sadness was upon them all.

Upon the morrow they would come in contact with the great bustling world, in which henceforth they were all to have their part.

The two girls felt an instinctive shrinking from the unknown life before them, even while they longed to enter upon it.

They sat upon the river-bank under a tall-plumed palm. Sinda, grave and thoughtful, with a brooding care in her bluish-gray eyes and a sad expression on her red, sensitive mouth, leaned against her faithful old Hindoo servant, who watched her with adoring eyes. These two were never apart. Falla seemed unable to trust her young mistress out of her sight lest harm should come to her.

Maya sat near, her lap full of flowers. She was tearing them in pieces and scattering their bright petals on the stream. Bathurst watched her at her idle task, and Elliot, as usual, was beside Sinda.

"Our last night of camp-life!" said Maya, suddenly. "I wonder what will come next. I feel afraid, Wolsey. Sinda and I are like two big babies, after all our reading. I'm quite sure the palace at Putpur would have been better for us than the new life before us."

"Oh, no, Maya," cried Sinda. "You are going to a home, to friends, to a dear father who waits to clasp you in his arms."

"As we are about entering upon a new life, Sinda," said Maya, superciliously, "you must begin to call me Lady Katharine."

"You will always be Maya to me, dear," said Sinda, softly. "That was your name when we were little children together, and I cannot quite speak the new name yet."

"There is a great deal of difference between Maya nobody and Lady Katharine Elliot," said Maya. "Be good enough to remember that fact, Sinda. You have no name. How will you be called in England?"

"Sinda Plain." And the girl laughed faintly. "That name has a double meaning, you see, Maya."

Maya laughed with something of scorn.

"Very appropriate," she said, "if it means plain Sinda or Sinda nobody. I wonder what your real name is? Perhaps it's as well you don't know, Sinda. It might have been something very plebeian, and she flung a handful of gay-coloured petals upon the water.

"However plebeian it might have been," said Sinda, gently, "it would be sweet to me from having been my father's name." And the tears came to her eyes.

Elliot turned the conversation skilfully.

The little group remained until a late hour under the palm, enjoying this last night of gipsy life. And at a little distance Puntab and one of the syces watched the two maidens with glittering eyes.

"The time has come," said Puntab, in a whisper. "The master hired us to spy upon the two young Englishmen, and to steal away the girl if they should chance to discover her. To-morrow will be too late. We must steal her away to-night."

"It is Missy Maya," whispered the syce.

"It is she," said Puntab. "We are to take her to the hills, where the master will come for her. Let the horses be in readiness outside the camp. When morning breaks we will be miles away, and our tracks will not be found."

The syce glided away to attend to the horses and to make preparations for flight.

A little later Maya and Sinda and the ayah retired to their tent.

The former commanded the attendance of Sinda's servant, and Falla, reluctant to wait upon one whom she hated, yet forced herself to obedience, lest she should in some way mar the future of her young mistress.

"Missy Maya will be great lady now," she thought. "I must get her good will, so that she be kind to Missy Sinda."

Maya was soon in bed and asleep, unconscious of the plot of her enemies against her liberty. Sinda retired also and fell asleep. Gradually all sounds of life died out of camp. The sentinel, one of the treacherous syces, was at his post.

About midnight a dusky head reached in at the door of the women's tent, and flung wide, in a little shower, the contents of a bottle. A faint, light yet pungent cloud of dust filled the tent. It was a preparation to compel stupor, and it was successful in its effect. Sinda, Maya, and even the Hindoo woman, lay profoundly asleep, fettered by its subtle influence.

When the little cloud had entirely subsided, the dusky hand drew aside the curtain and Puntab peered in. All was safe. The women were asleep.

He crept in like a serpent and approached the beds. Only a narrow passage was between them. Maya lay upon one, Sinda upon another. Falla was stretched upon a rug upon the ground.

Puntab looked from one girl to the other. In their sleep he did not know them apart.

"Which is it?" he muttered. "Ah, this is she! This is the great lord's daughter!"

He bent over Sinda, caught her up in his arms and stole toward the door of the tent with the evil glow of triumph on his visage.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The evil triumph of Puntab was destined to be of short duration. His nefarious work in stealing the girl from her rescuers was doomed to a termination far different to that he or his employer had anticipated.

As he stepped out at the curtained door of the tent into the pale moonlight, with Sinda clasped close in his arms, her senses held in fetter by the subtle drug he had dispersed through the tent, he found himself confronted by Kalloo!

And behind the Parsee were Elliot and Bathurst, both armed to the teeth, both stern and formidable!

The Hindoo recoiled with his insensible burden, his face growing wild and livid. Kalloo laughed, a low, soft peal of triumph.

"Puntab think he work in the dark," said the Parsee. "He forget that Kalloo have eyes. Puntab have done nothing since we left Putpur by night or by day that Kalloo have not see. Kalloo watch—watch—watch!"

The Hindoo glared from one to another of his enemies, with the look of some hunted creature turned at bay. He still retained his hold upon his prey, his muscles having stiffened to "hooks of steel." There was a murderous look on his livid visage, a murderous smile upon his thin, writhing lips.

"Put down that young lady!" commanded Elliot, in a low, stern voice. "Stay!" he added, seeing that the slight form was strangely immovable. "Give her to me!"

He advanced upon the Hindoo, his keen, blue eyes flashing from his olive face, his mien that of one who intends to be obeyed.

Puntab clutched the girl with one brawny arm, while one hand groped to his belt. His eyes sent a swift, sidelong glance around him. He remembered that the syces were in his interest, and suddenly he emitted a shrill whistle to summon them to him.

"Come, none of that!" commanded Elliot. "Your men will not come to you. Put down your hand."

There was that in Elliot's eyes that made the Hindoo quail, inspiring him with a lively terror. His men did not come to his assistance, and Elliot was advancing upon him, revolver in hand, an appalling object to his cowardly soul. He dropped his hand and held out his burden in an abject obedience.

Elliot took the girl in his arms.

"Why, it's the Begum!" cried Kalloo. "What does he want with the Begum?"

"The Begum!" ejaculated Puntab, in dismay. "Is it not the lord's daughter, Missy Maya?"

Elliot, with a quick thrill of apprehension at her continued immovability, looked into the lovely little face of Sinda.

Her eyes were shut, the long lashes lying on her cheeks. He saw at once that she was in a stupor produced by some drug, and that she would presently recover. So he gently carried her into her tent and laid her upon her bed with reverent hands, and returned to the scene of action.

Puntab was still cowering before Bathurst, who, ugly and sinister, was endeavouring to force him into an explanation of his conduct. But the Hindoo was doggedly silent, refusing to speak a word.

"He will answer me," said Elliot, coolly, his blue eyes blazing. "You were trying to steal one of the young ladies, eh, Puntab? You thought you had taken Miss Maya? Now, what was your reason? Speak!"

Young as he was, there was an authority in Elliot's manner, a cool superiority that constrained the Hindoo's instant subjection.

He saw that he must answer.

He dared not tell the truth, that he had been hired to steal Lord Tregaron's heiress, and convey her away to some secluded spot in the hills, fearing also the vengeance of his employer, the Calcutta merchant.

In his dilemma, he took refuge in a lie, the usual resort of weak and cowardly natures.

"I thought to steal Missy Maya," he stammered, "for reward. I meant to carry her off for awhile, and find her again for money!"

And to this story he sullenly adhered, in spite of questioning and menace.

"A little business speculation!" sneered Bathurst. "Thanks to Kalloo, we have nipped it in the bud."

"You will spend the remainder of the night under guard," declared Elliot, sternly. "And when morning comes you will part company from us. We can dispense with your attendance to Calcutta!"

Puntab was marched into the tent of the young Englishman and securely bound.

The Parsee had the pleasure of mounting guard over him during the remainder of the night, and that it was in a genuine delight none who saw him could doubt.

Elliot and Bathurst acted as sentinels, marching to and fro the boundaries of the camp.

The eyes, who had been taken off their guard by the prompt proceedings of Elliot and the Parsee, sullenly submitted to the aspect of affairs, and made no effort to rescue their leader from his degrading imprisonment.

Kalloo felt himself avenged for the annoyances he had suffered at the hands of Puntab during the early portion of the expedition.

His vigilance had been rewarded, and he felt that he had done something to earn the large reward he had been promised in case the expedition should prove a success.

Elliot paused now and then in his march to listen at the door of the tent for some sound of movement within.

He was rewarded by hearing presently a start and exclamations, and he knew that all three of the inmates had recovered their senses.

The soft southern night, with its mellow lustre, its sweet air, its fragrance and stillness, through which penetrated now and then from the depths of the jungle an eldritch, wild-beast cry, passed slowly to the watchers.

Young Bathurst lay down under a tree and went to sleep, but Elliot kept up his march for hours, halting now and then by the women's tent, to assure himself that all was right within, and now and then visiting his prisoner, who remained wakeful and sullen, regarding the Parsee with eyes gleaming with hatred.

With the first gleams of dawn, the camp was astir.

The breakfast was prepared, and the women appeared, looking but little the worse for the previous night's experiences, excepting Sinda, who seemed tired and languid.

Puntab's intended speculation was explained to them; breakfast was eaten; the tents were folded; and the horses were made ready for the march.

Elliot approached his prisoner, to whom breakfast had been offered, and by whom it had sullenly been refused, and said to him:

"You will find us at the same hotel in Calcutta as before, Puntab. If you call upon me there I will pay you your wages. I am sorry that you should have chosen to end your term of service, during which you were so faithful, by an act of treachery such as this you planned."

The Hindoo muttered some expressions of regret for his intended treachery.

"The eyes have all begged to be allowed to go on with us to Gwalpore," continued Elliot. "I had intended to leave them here with you—"

"Let me go on, too, master," said Puntab, humbly enough, seeing that his followers had deserted him, and that his nefarious project was no longer possible. "I will try no more tricks."

"You may follow us at a little distance; you cannot go with us," declared our hero, firmly. "Release him, Kalloo."

Elliot turned away, and the little train set out upon its march. The eyes ran beside the horses of their employers and of the ladies, paying no further heed to Puntab now that he was in trouble. And he, mounted also, followed the train afar off, his soul full of bitterness and venom.

The start had been earlier than usual. After the events of the preceding night, Elliot desired to avoid a further halt, and they pushed onward at their best speed, not alighting until they arrived at the little town of Gwalpore.

This was but a collection of mud hovels, but there was a pleasant grove surrounding it, and in this the travellers pitched their tents, and waited throughout the heat of the day for the arrival of the night-express train.

And at an early hour of the evening they embarked for Calcutta, and went sweeping onward through the night.

The journey was long, but not tedious, to the two girls, nor to their escorts. Everything was new and strange to Sinda and Maya.

The travellers procured food at wayside stations, and lighted, whenever practicable, for exercise. In this way the next day passed, and the next.

Upon the evening of the third day of their railway journey they arrived at Calcutta, and were transported to their hotel.

A private parlour, with bedrooms adjoining, was assigned the young ladies. Maya took possession of one bedroom; Sinda and her attendant were assigned the other.

Puntab had come up to Calcutta by the same train with Elliot and his party, and, upon arriving, he hurried directly to Garcon Reach to inform his master of his failure to execute the project he had undertaken.

He had not dared telegraph his ill news, lest he should in some manner involve Mr. Bathurst in the exposure that had overtaken himself.

His heart was very heavy, his bronze face moody, as he trudged along the Strand and Esplanade on his way to the beautiful suburb in which Banyan Villa was situated.

The hour for the evening promenade was past. A few vehicles only were visible on the drives. The shadows of night were thickening under the trees when Puntab halted before the dingy, massive gate of the merchant's villa and pulled the garden-bell.

A servant opened the door upon the instant. Puntab slipped into the garden and inquired for his master.

"He's in the pagoda by the river," was the answer.

"I'll tell him you are here."

"Is he alone?"

The answer was affirmative.

"Then I'll announce myself," said Puntab. "I'll take the risk and bear the blame."

He hurried down the garden-walk, threading the shrubberies and passing around the mansion in the direction of the river.

The Hoogly lay in the soft and mellow light of the stars, a wide and shining band of silver dotted with quaint-rigged vessels.

The pagoda, in which Puntab expected to find his employer, was an Indian summer-house, shaped somewhat after the fashion of a temple, with an encircling veranda and sides enclosed with cool, jalousie shutters, which gave admission to a continuous current of cool air.

The floor was of marble, the furniture, which was scanty, was of bamboo.

This summer-house was perched upon a bank overlooking the river, of which it commanded a fine view, and was a favourite resort of its proprietor during the early evening hours.

As the Hindoo approached, the odour of burning tobacco saluted his nostrils.

He halted a moment to gather up his courage and then advanced, mounting the steps with silent tread, and knocking lightly upon one end of the shutters.

The merchant was seated in a lounging-chair, gazing upon the river, and smoking a cigar. He turned around abruptly, stared at the intruder in recognition, and gave a start of absolute amazement.

He had been thinking of Puntab at that moment, and wondering why he had not heard from him during the past month, and the fellow seemed to him an apparition evoked by his imagination.

Puntab made repeated salaams, bowing himself nearly to the ground.

"It's really you, is it?" ejaculated the merchant, recovering himself.

"Yes, master," replied Puntab, deprecatingly, and with such extreme humility as betokened ill news.

"I thought you were off in the northern provinces still," cried Mr. Bathurst, finding it difficult to understand his servant's unheralded appearance. "I haven't heard from you since you left Lassa, or the place beyond it, on your way to Khalsar."

"Yes, master. I did not write since."

"Come in," commanded Mr. Bathurst, pushing back his chair and laying down his cigar. "Something has happened, I see. What is it? Did you go on to Khalsar? Did you find a White Begum? I am prepared for failure—so speak out."

Puntab advanced a few paces, his bronze face and glittering eyes showing through the shadows of the summer-house.

"I will tell you, master," he responded. "We arrived in town by this night's train."

"Mr. Elliot and my son, also?"

"Yes, master," said Puntab, nervously, according to his usual formula. "We all arrived this evening. They went to an hotel; I came here."

"You have failed, then?" cried the merchant, impatiently. "You got no trace of any white girl?"

"We went to Khalsar, master," said the Hindoo, meekly, "and we found that the stories of which I wrote you turned out to be true. There was a

White Begum, and she had a friend who was white also."

"You saw them?"

Puntab replied in the affirmative.

"They were both old women, I'll warrant, and Hindoos at that?"

"No, master. They were both young, about twenty years of age, and both English."

The merchant uttered a quick, startled exclamation, his face growing pale.

"Young, and English? Are they sisters?"

"No, master."

"They are dark, black-eyed?"

"No, master. Both are fair. Both are beautiful."

The merchant's excitement increased with every word.

"Perhaps one of them is Miss Elliot?" he ejaculated. "By Jove, we have stumbled upon luck! Did you get no clue to their parentage? Did you come upon any trace of Topee?"

"Yes, master. Topee was grand-chamberlain in the palace of the White Begum at Putpur."

"He was there, near these two girls? Did you talk with him?"

"No, master. Mr. Elliot and Mr. Bathurst visited the court and saw the White Begum and her sister. Then Topee came with the missionary to the khan where we lodged! I listened and heard what he said."

"The missionary? That is the first I have heard of any missionary. Tell me more about the two girls. Were they married?"

Puntab replied in the negative.

"Have you obtained any clue to the parentage of these girls?"

"Yes, master. The White Begum was the daughter of a common soldier at one of the stations. She was found alone in a deserted barracks. Topee saved her life."

"And the other?"

"The other, Missy Maya," Puntab said, deliberately yet meekly as before, "is she whom you seek!"

"What!"

"She is Missy Elliot!"

The merchant leaped to his feet in wild agitation.

"How do you know," he exclaimed. "The proofs—the proofs!"

"Topee confessed. She remembers. And she has the jewels."

"The jewels? They are proof?" cried Mr. Bathurst. "I put them on her with my own hands. She has them still? And she remembers her childhood and her friends? She is found—found!"

He fell back in his chair, actually gasping for breath.

The discovery of the lost daughter of Lord Tregaran represented to him the acme of success in his nefarious designs.

He thought of his lonely prisoner in the far hill-region, and of her promise to become his wife when he should bring to her her lost child.

And now, in spite of his long incredulity, that child was found!

He would take her to Agnes Elliot, and demand the reward of his years of opposition and scheming; he would make her his wife without further delay. His triumph was at hand! His soul swelled with his exultation!

It was some minutes before he could regain sufficient self-command to fix his gaze again upon his servant.

Puntab was standing in an uneasy, deprecating attitude, his head bowed on his breast, the personification of humility.

A sudden fear assailed Mr. Bathurst.

"Was the girl willing to leave her friends?" he inquired. "Would the White Begum allow her to go?"

"There was a revolution there, and the White Begum and Missy Elliot both came with us, master."

"Very good. And you followed my instructions, watched the girl and your opportunity, and stole her away by night and carried her off to the hills? You are here to tell me of your success?" cried Mr. Bathurst, eagerly.

"No master. The eyes were faithful to me, and all went well until that dog of a Kalloo spoiled my work. It was the night before we reached Gwalpore. I stole the girl from her tent,"—Puntab did not consider it necessary to narrate his mistake in the girl's identity—"and was about to get away with her, when Kalloo and the two young masters pounced upon me. They took her from me, and made me their prisoner."

"You lost the chance, then? The girl escaped you?"

Puntab assented.

The merchant aired a choice vocabulary of oaths, including all he knew in Hindostanee, as well as in the English tongue.

"I trusted you, Puntab," he said, in conclusion. "I thought you were so keen and intelligent. Bah! A child could have done better than you! You have abused my trust. You are worthless. Where is Miss Elliot now?"

"At the hotel with the White Begum and the two young Englishmen," answered Puntab, still meekly, not caring to resent the insults and contumely heaped upon him by an employer who represented to him many lacs of rupees, and who was a liberal paymaster to him. "They will sail for England by first steamer to see the great lord who is Miss Maya's father."

"I shall have something to say to that," declared the merchant, grimly. "Now tell me the whole story connectedly, Puntab, from the very beginning."

The Hindoo obeyed, giving a succinct account of the expedition from the moment of leaving Calcutta until its triumphant return.

While he listened, Mr. Bathurst meditated. "Kalloo was too sharp for you," he observed, when his servant had concluded. "There is yet a chance for you to redeem yourself, and to earn the great reward I promised you in the event of success."

"How, master?"

The merchant bent forward, speaking in a hissing whisper. "There is still time. The girl is here in Calcutta. You have friends in the suburbs. Contrive some plan to get her into your hands, and then hide her among your people. Do this, and I will double the reward I promised you."

Puntab raised his head, and his face glowed, and his eyes sparkled, as he exclaimed:

"I can do the work better here in Calcutta than I could have done on the route. If only young Mr. Bathurst would give me a chance again for three days as his servant—"

"He will. I'll see to that. I'll make your peace with him, Puntab. I will go to the hotel the first thing in the morning and see Lady Katharine and my son. I'll clear your path, and you must do the rest!"

The merchant and the Hindoo talked long, in whispers, and long before the interview was over a scheme was perfected in every detail, by which it was expected that Lord Tregaron's daughter should be stolen away from her friends and be securely hidden away where her friends should not be able to find her.

At a late hour, Puntab, in excellent spirits and with new faith in the fortune he hoped to win, departed, seeking his own quarters in the servants' portion of the villa.

Mr. Bathurst sat late in his summer-house by the river, exulting and triumphing in his good fortune.

"The girl is found," he said to himself, "and in this very city. I shall see her in the morning. How strangely it has all come about. Kate Elliot alive, when I thought her dead. I shall have everything all my own way now. Puntab will secure her this time. He is a cunning dog, and will not be balked a second time. The girl once in my hands, and the hue and cry for her over, I'll take her to the hills and to her mother. And then Agnes will marry me."

He seemed very near at that moment to his great and final success. He had told Mrs. Elliot that her husband was dead, and she believed him. He intended to marry her and bring her to his house, but he intended also to keep her secluded from the world.

She should be the Eve of his Eden; he would be content with her and with her alone for ever. He would not care for society when she should be his wife. He would guard her so carefully that no whisper of the truth concerning her husband should ever come to her ears.

"I have waited long," he thought, "but all is coming out right at last. Agnes is more beautiful than in her youth. She can keep her daughter with her, and after a little she will grow kinder to me. If I win the girl's liking, Agnes will even grow to love me. I don't doubt. All is working as I hoped. To-morrow I will see the girl. To-morrow night she will be hidden away among Puntab's keeping. And as soon as it will be safe, I will take her to Agnes. And then I shall claim the fulfilment of her promise to marry me."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Upon the morning following the arrival of Elliot's party in Calcutta, the elder Bathurst presented himself at Elliot's hotel at a very early hour, and was shown up at once to the private parlour belonging to the party.

Early as was the hour, the Calcutta world was astir, business was in full progress, and Elliot was gone out.

The young ladies had breakfasted with their friends and retired to their own sitting-room.

Wolsey Bathurst was alone and he was on the point of going out when his father made his appearance.

The two men greeted each other coolly, though with some pretence of interest. The younger Bathurst kept in mind the fact that his parent was immensely wealthy and that his wealth might possibly, in spite of declarations to the contrary, descend to the son.

The elder man deemed that his son might be useful to him in furthering the great scheme of his life, and he did not scruple to engage his assistance.

"So you are back again, Wolsey?" said the merchant. "You have been gone over three months upon this expedition of yours, and I had almost given you up as lost when you appear again crowned with success."

"Who told you that?" demanded the son. "Who told you we were here? We only arrived last evening—"

"Puntab told me," said the merchant, coolly. "He came out to the villa last evening."

"Perhaps you don't know that he is a miserable scoundrel," said Wolsey, sharply, eyeing his parent suspiciously. "He made an attempt to steal Lady Katharine away from us, intending to hide her away somewhere for a ransom. And, by Jove, if it hadn't been for Elliot's servant, he would have succeeded, too!"

"All Hindoos are treacherous," observed the merchant, calmly. "Elliot's servant would have done the same, only he considered that it paid better to be virtuous. Puntab is as good as any of his race and class. He considered his intended transaction, no doubt, as quite in the way of legitimate business. He told me of your success, and, of course, hastened to you at the earliest possible moment. Is Puntab's story true? Is Kate Elliot found?"

"Yes, she's found! She is with us at this hotel!"

"You are assured of her identity? You know that she is actually and truly the daughter of Nugent Elliot?"

"Certainly! I know it. She has the jewels you placed with your own hands upon her person. She remembers her childhood—everything."

"Then there can be no doubt, no vestige or shadow of a doubt, of her identity!" declared the merchant, his face glowing. "Her discovery seems a miracle. There was another girl, Puntab said—"

"The Begum? Yes, and she is the more beautiful of the two, but she is of obscure birth," responded Wolsey Bathurst, "a mere nobody, whom Lady Katharine permits to accompany us out of sheer compassion and good nature. Her name is Sinda, and in default of a patronymic she calls herself Miss Plain—a complete misnomer, for she is as beautiful as an angel!"

"Humph! When do you sail for England?"

"By the next steamer. We have sent on advices to Lord Tregaron of our success. Lady Katharine is impatient to join her father, and there is nothing to detain us here. Your rainy season has commenced, and Calcutta is dreary enough in this gloom and drizzle. We shall sail in three days' time!"

"Tell me something of Katharine. Is she a person whom Lord Tregaron would welcome as his daughter?"

"She is pretty, well educated, in spite of her strange surroundings, and will, with her fortune and connections, make a sensation in London during the next season. The earl may well be proud of her."

The merchant thought of his lonely prisoner among the hills and rejoiced in the prospect of restoring Mrs. Elliot's child to her, and thus securing the fulfilment of her promise to marry him.

"You seem to admire the Begum more than Katharine, Wolsey," he remarked.

"Perhaps so, but I shall marry Lady Katharine," replied young Bathurst, with an assurance that surprised his parent. "We are already beginning to understand each other. I see my way clear to becoming the son-in-law of the earl."

Mr. Bathurst's face darkened. His son's schemes were likely to interfere with his own. Clearly, he could not make a confidant of Wolsey.

"You are ambitious," he said, with a slight sneer.

"Exactly," returned his son, composedly. "I want money, position, every earthly good, and I shall attain to nearly every one of these in marrying Lady Katharine Elliot. I would not forego this marriage, not for all your rupees."

"I do not wish you to. It will be a grand thing

for you," said the merchant, hypocritically. "I should like to pay Lady Katharine some attention, Wolsey. I knew her in her childhood, and she is my kinswoman, you know. Bring her and the Begum and Elliot out to dine with me to-day."

"Very well, I will inform her of your invitation. No doubt she will be pleased to accept it."

"My carriage is at your service throughout your stay," continued the merchant, who had modified his plans upon reflection, and no longer desired to place Puntab in his son's service. "Order my coachman to attend on you and Lady Katharine at your pleasure. It will be here to take you out for a drive this evening if the rain holds up, as there is a prospect of its doing."

"You are very kind," replied young Bathurst, "and I accept the offer of your carriage with thanks."

In truth, he had told Maya a fine and highly-coloured story of his grandsons, both present and prospective, and this offer of the merchant's handsome equipage was likely to give a veracious look to his statements.

"I should like to see Lady Kate," said the merchant. "I wonder if she would recognise me? I daresay she would, Wolsey."

"I will call her," said the son. "I know that she will be glad to see you. Of course you will not be able to recognise in the young lady of twenty the little Kate of thirteen years ago. Still she may recognise you."

He hastened to the private parlour occupied by the two girls, and knocked for admittance.

It was Maya's voice that bade him enter.

He obeyed. He found Maya surrounded by paper boxes and piles of ladies' garments, and with two shopwomen in attendance upon her. She looked up from a cloud of draperies of silk and muslin as he entered, and smiled a welcome.

"You find me absorbed in my selection of an outfit, Mr. Bathurst," she said, with a bright little laugh. "Ah, what a trouble it all is! And I am not sure that the gowns are in the latest fashion. But I am so absolutely shabby, and I am so anxious to become an out-and-out English young lady, that I must buy something."

"Take my advice, Lady Katharine," said young Bathurst, "and buy as little as you can. We shall be here but three days. Your outfit for the voyage should be simple. We shall stop in Paris on our way to England, and you can then procure the most luxurious trousseau that the man-milliners of Paris can invent."

The pretty pink and white face cleared a little, the shadow of perplexity giving place to a look of resolve.

"You are right," she said, sweeping the muslins aside. "I won't burden myself with clothes that will be old-fashioned when we reach Paris. You may leave the serge gown, and the black silk and the brown silk," she added, turning to the two women. "Yes, and the navy-blue flannel. They will be enough. Present your bill to the hotel-keeper. He has orders from Mr. Elliot to pay it."

The women withdrew with their unrequired parcels.

"Sinda has gone out," continued Maya, as she examined her purchases. "Actually in that shabby and worn old Indian silk gown, made after the fashion of the Hindoo women of Putpur! She must look a perfect gey in Calcutta, dressed as she is, although there are plenty of Hindoo women here dressed like her. The oddity lies in her English face under that turban. I wouldn't have gone out, dressed as I am, for a fortune."

"You look very beautiful to me, Maya," said the young man, gallantly. "Where has Sinda gone?"

"To make some purchases, I believe. You know that Mr. Elliot begged her to make him her banker, and she refused in that gentle way of hers that means just as much as the fiercest manner in any one else. She's independent, and quite right too. She can't expect to be supported by me or by my friends. So she went out with old Falia, and the old woman will sell one of Sinda's diamonds, and with the money they get they will buy their outfit for the voyage."

"Elliot won't like that!"

"Why should he not? Who is Sinda, anyhow? The daughter of a private soldier, yet Mr. Elliot and you too, treat her as if she were my equal!"

"She was your superior in rank when we discovered you," replied Bathurst. "Whatever her origin, she is a lady, Maya, and we must treat her as such."

"It's all nonsense her going to England with us. I don't like it. She ought to remain here."

(To be continued.)



[LOVE'S CAPTIVE.]

## THE MAIDEN'S VOW.

## CHAPTER I.

THE roar of cannon and the rattling of musketry resounded around the doomed city. Clouds of sulphurous smoke veiled all objects from view, though occasionally this dense curtain would be rent asunder by a shower of fire, as the bombshell burst, and scattered death and destruction around.

Houses were falling in ruins—the distracted citizens rushed wildly through the streets—the dead, mangled and dying, lay at every corner. Yet still the engines of war vomited forth their missiles of destruction, and fire and smoke.

The nuns and boarders of the Convent of Santa Maria knelt in the chapel in prayer. They implored the Virgin to save their beloved city from falling into the hands of the French. They prayed that the storm of war might pass away, and leave them again in peace and security.

As if in answer to their supplication, a sudden pause took place in the battle. The loud cannonading ceased; the musketry subsided into an occasional discharge.

Brief was the pause. A loud shout rent the welkin, the cannons resumed their roar, the mortars again sent forth a hundred deaths in one covering. The French columns were storming the city.

A bombshell burst on the roof of the Convent of Santa Maria, and in a few moments the edifice was in flames.

The inmates rushed distractedly into the streets; a worse fate awaited them there. The city had been taken by assault, and the French soldiers were pouring like beasts of prey through the streets.

Among the number that rushed from the burning convent, was a pretty little maid of some sixteen

summers, with raven hair and eyes like a gazelle. She paused, terrified by the novelty of her situation, in the middle of the street, not knowing in what direction to go.

While she thus hesitated, a brutal French soldier perceived her and immediately grasped her by the arm.

"Ah, my pretty dear!" he exclaimed; "you are a prize indeed."

"You will not harm me?" she pleaded, her heart sinking within her at the bold gaze and rude actions of the soldier.

"Harm you? Never fear, my little trembler; I will treat thee like a queen. Let me bring the colour back into those lips with a kiss!"

The girl understood at once the intentions of her captor, and screaming for assistance, struggled violently to free herself from his grasp. The soldier became enraged at her resistance, and exerted all his strength to effect his purpose.

The girl was growing weaker and weaker, when she received unlooked-for aid in the person of a dismounted young Hussar.

"Desist, ruffian!" he exclaimed, as he rapidly approached the soldier.

"Stand off!" returned the other. "She is my prisoner; you shall not have her though you were twenty times an officer!"

He stood on the defensive, presenting his sword. The next moment it was flying in the air—the girl was torn from him, and the steel of the officer gleamed at his throat.

"Away with you, miscreant!" he cried; "ere I repent my clemency, and kill you like a dog!"

The soldier waited not for a second bidding, but, cowed and baffled, hastened from the spot.

The officer bore the girl, who had fainted, into the nearest house. It was entirely deserted. He placed her in a chair, and procuring some water, succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.

The first object she beheld when she re-opened her eyes, was his face, as he knelt at her feet. There was no fear in her look, but a sweet smile of recognition, as she extended her hand to him, and said:

"Thanks, my preserver!"

He pressed his lips to her hand in a respectful manner.

"Tell me, lovely maid," he said, "who is it that I have the honour of addressing?"

"My name is Francesca Nunez," she replied. "I am the daughter of a rich vine-dresser who dwells in Andalusia. I was sent to the Convent of Santa Maria, to be educated. In another year I was to have returned home; Heaven only knows if I shall ever see that home again."

"That you shall," he cried, eagerly. "The capture of this stronghold will paralyse the power of Spain, and cause a partial suspension of hostilities. I can easily obtain leave of absence from my general, and if you will but trust yourself to my guidance, I promise to conduct you in safety to your home."

"Will you, indeed, do me this kindness? Enough; your eyes have answered me. Tell me your name, that I may add it to the list of my saints when I count my beads to-night."

"I am afraid there is little of the saint about me," replied the officer, with a merry laugh. "I am called Eugene Lejoyeux, and am a lieutenant in Kellerman's squadron."

"You are an enemy to Spain," she said, sadly.

"But none to you."

"Indeed, you are not!"

Eugene felt gratified and pleased at the tone of confidence in which she spoke. Duty required his presence elsewhere, and telling her to lock herself in one of the chambers until his return, which should be speedy, he departed.

Francesca followed his directions. She gazed from the window of the chamber in which she had taken refuge, into the street.

No human beings were in sight.

The noise and din of battle were hushed into silence.

The captured city lay prostrate at the feet of its victors.

Francesca retired from the window, and sinking into a chair, fell into a train of musing.

The young French officer filled a prominent place in her thoughts.

The shades of evening were gathering over the city when Eugene returned.

Francesca received him with a joyous smile. He told her he had obtained leave of absence, and that early in the morning they would set forth for her home.

They sat side by side in sweet converse, until the waning moon warned them it was time to seek repose, to prepare for the morrow's fatigue.

Eugene reluctantly bade his fair companion "good-night."

She retired to her couch, whilst he, wrapping himself in his military cloak, extended himself in front of her chamber door. Thus they passed the night.

They were stirring with the first rays of the morning sun.

Eugene had prepared everything for the journey. His servant Pierre had provided a light repast; it was soon partaken of.

Eugene assisted Francesca to put on a travelling-robe and hat, and then they descended into the street.

Three horses, caparisoned and ready, were standing at the door.

Eugene placed Francesca in the saddle of one of them, he and Pierre mounted the others, and the whole party set forward.

We will not follow them throughout their long journey; suffice it to say that the home of Francesca was reached in safety, and she restored to her parents.

## CHAPTER II.

It was towards the close of day that two horsemen were urging their jaded steeds along a narrow road, skirted by numerous woods and defiles. They seemed anxious to reach some inn before night overtook them.

Though the garments of the strangers were of plain and coarse material, yet there was a certain soldierly air to their manner of sitting their horses, which seemed to denote that they were not the simple citizens they wished to appear.

Their military appearance was increased by the sabre which each wore buckled to his side, though there was nothing unusual in that, for the dangerous nature of the time required even the most peaceful to carry arms.

"Well, Pierre," said one of the horsemen, "our romantic expedition is nearly completed. Thanks to our disguises, we have passed through sixty

leagues of an enemy's country, undetected. These gray coats are not quite so conspicuous as our uniforms."

"Indeed they are not, Lieutenant; it was a lucky thought, that of changing them."

"We shall soon be safe within the French outposts, if that clown informed us rightly. Let me see—I think he said three leagues. We might reach them in an hour, if our horses were not so jaded."

"Night is coming on fast, and this is an ugly road to be on, master. Look at that rocky dell ahead—what a capital place for an ambush!"

The spot which Pierre pointed out was where the road wound between two projecting cliffs, covered with stunted trees and scraggy bushes.

It was a wild, picturesque-looking place, though the fading daylight gave it a gloomy aspect.

It was with secret misgivings, which are termed presentiments, that Pierre entered this wild defile. He could almost swear that he saw musket barrels gleaming amid the scant foliage of the trees.

Pierre's eyes had not deceived him. Scarcely had they proceeded a dozen steps, than the reports of as many muskets echoed from the cliffs on either side, and horses and riders rolled in the dust together.

When the lieutenant, unhurt, succeeded in freeing himself from the harness of his head horse and rose to his feet, he was immediately seized, and his hands bound behind him. Poor Pierre never rose again.

The lieutenant, gazing around, found himself surrounded by a dozen men clad in the savage costume of guerrillas.

He immediately conjectured his probable fate, and prepared himself to meet it with firmness.

Among the group of guerrillas was a young man of better figure and appearance than his companions, wearing an officer's sword and sash. As he seemed to be the chief of the band, the lieutenant addressed him.

"Why have I, a peaceful citizen," he asked, "been thus cowardly fired upon, and my servant killed?"

"When the fogs of Spain," returned he of the sword and sash, in clear, ringing tones, "venture within her territory, they must expect to receive chastisement from her children. Thy companion has met an easy death. The shot that struck him was intended for his horse. I designed him to share thy doom!"

"My doom—and what is that?"

"A spy's death—by the halter."

The cheek of the lieutenant reddened with indignation.

"Miscreant! you dare not execute your threat upon me. I am not a spy."

"That remains to be proved. You are a Frenchman, I know by your accent—do you deny it?"

"No; I would not lie to save my life!"

"Your name?"

"Eugene Lejoyeux."

"Your profession? Do not attempt to prevaricate. It will be the worse for you if you do."

"I am a lieutenant of Hussars."

"What does a French lieutenant do in Spain, beyond his outposts, wearing a disguise, when Spain and France are warring with each other? You have pronounced your sentence—the rope there!"

A slip-knot was passed around Eugene's neck, and the end of the rope conveyed over the branch of a tree which projected from the bank.

The facility with which these operations were performed proved that the guerrillas were adepts at the business.

Night now setting in fast, some torches were lighted to enable them to discern objects around. The glare of these gave everything a lugubrious appearance in the eyes of Eugene.

The preparations being completed, the guerrilla turned to the prisoner, and resumed:

"We have found no papers upon your person (Eugene had been searched when first seized) to betray the nature of the mission with which you have been charged. You see how slight a hope you have of escape—your fate is certain. Put me in possession of intelligence that will serve my country—disclose to me the errand which brought you here, and I will spare your life."

"I have nothing to disclose. I am no spy, and I protest against this execution, which is contrary to the law of nations. I denounce this cowardice which would murder a prisoner in cold blood."

"The law is in our hands, and we show no mercy, for we have had none shown to us."

"It is false! It was an act of mercy brought me here. I saved one of your own countrywomen from outrage—conducted her to her home, and was returning thence when I fell into your hands."

There was a candour in the words of Eugene which seemed to carry conviction to the mind of the guerrilla.

He gazed for a moment into the face of his prisoner, as if intent on reading his thoughts.

"You tell a strange story, Senor Lieutenant," he said; "and yet you expect us to believe it. What high-born dame of Spain has been so blessed as to have you for her knight—had she a name?"

"She called herself Francesca Nunez."

"Francesca! St. Jago! does she dwell in the Vale of Andalusia?"

"Even as you say."

"Take the rope from his neck—unbind his hands. Give him back his sword. Nay, no murmurs—see you not he is no spy? Dare to resist my commands. Diego, and I will brain thee on the spot. Come, Senor Lieutenant, I will bear thee company a portion of thy way—you must foot it, for we have no horses."

Surprised and bewildered by his sudden liberation, Eugene silently followed the guerrilla. After they had left his band far behind, Eugene said:

"What caused you to spare me?"

"The name of Francesca—she is my cousin. Start not—I am not exactly the ruffian I seem. I bear the commission of captain in the Spanish army, but reverses in the field have driven me to this mode of warfare. You must not think me worse than I am. We both know, from sad experience, that there is neither romance nor glory in war, and especially in a war like this; yet I must say, mine is the better part, for I fight for my country. There are your sentry-fires—farewell! Though fate has made us foes, forget not that we have done each other a friendly service."

He shook Eugene warmly by the hand and hurried away. Eugene walked on towards the encampment like a man in a dream.

### CHAPTER III.

THE cloud of war had passed over the country, and the sun of peace had broken forth once more to bless the land with joy and plenty.

The bright streams and fertile plains of Andalusia seemed to rejoice in the tranquillity.

The inhabitants caught the glad spirit from nature, and, after the hours of labour, cheered the twilight hour with song and dance.

It was towards the sunset hour that a young couple were seated on the vine-covered portico that surrounded the stone mansion of the Senor Nunez. The man held one hand of the maiden in his, whilst his left arm encircled her waist.

She sat passively by his side, gazing with downcast eyes upon the ground.

"Francesca," he was saying, "why will you not decide my fate? Both your father and mother have joined their voices with mine in urging you to become my wife. You know how well I love you—you know it would be the study of my life to make you happy. Tell me, then, what is it that keeps you silent? Why will you not consent to become mine?"

"Ruy," she said, lifting her eyes slowly from the earth, "I am conscious how much you love me, and I have not been insensible to that love, for I feel that I return it."

"You love me!" he exclaimed, rapturously.

"I confess it," she replied, turning away her eyes; "and yet I cannot wed you."

"What mean these strange words—why not?"

"Because I am the affianced bride of another."

"The bride of another? Explain, Francesca."

"Listen, Ruy. You know that I was saved, on the day the Convent Santa Maria was burnt, by a young French officer. You know he restored me to my home. I was grateful—very grateful to him, and I mistook this gratitude for love. He became enamoured of me, and when the time came for us to part he told his passion, and implored me to become his bride when peace should permit him to return to me. I thought I reciprocated his love, and I solemnly swore to remain true to him until he should come and claim me for his wife. I love him no longer—time has effaced his image from my heart, and stamped yours in its place; yet still my vow must be kept."

"Francesca, you will destroy us both by this mistaken sense of honour. This young soldier has doubtless, ere this, forgotten you. I knew him—we met by accident; he was brave to rashness—volatile and reckless. Some beauty in Paris has driven you from his mind before this time, I dare say. Besides, how do you know that he escaped the perils of the war?"

"You escaped them, Ruy."

"True, Francesca."

"May not fortune have favoured him likewise?"

"There is no denying that."

"Then until I receive positive proof that Lejoyeux is dead, I shall preserve my vow unbroken."

"That sentence is my doom, Francesca."

"Ruy, I know you understand the motives that govern me, and will forgive me for the pain I am the unhappy means of causing you."

"Say no more, Francesca—I like you none the less for this display of constancy. It proves to me what a treasure you will be, should I chance to obtain you after all. Now, listen to me. I will give you an evidence of the sincerity of my love. To-morrow I will depart for France, and if Eugene Lejoyeux be still in the land of the living, I will bring him to you. Adieu."

With these words he kissed her hand and hastened away.

Early the next morning, Francesca was on the portico, waiting to bid Ruy adieu before he commenced his journey.

The morning was cloudy and obscure, and it was difficult to distinguish objects a few paces distant.

A horseman advanced rapidly through the haze, reined in his steed, and sprang upon the portico.

"Dear Ruy!" cried Francesca, springing to his side; but on discovering who it was, she fainted.

Francesca was supported in the arms of Eugene Lejoyeux!

"Morbien!" cried our old friend; "here is a salutation! For days—months—years—her sweet face has been ever present before me, and cheered me through every misfortune. In the midst of toil, peril, and death, the thought of her has made me suffer and struggle on that I might return and find my reward in her approving smiles. I have come back, and my affianced wife calls me 'dear Ruy!' Has she ceased to love me—can she love another? Courage, Eugene; thou hast met with many a sad mischance ere now, but faith! this is likely to be the worst of all!"

Francesca slowly recovered, but as consciousness returned, she burst into tears, and, laying her face upon his breast, she exclaimed:

"I am true to my vow—I am true to my vow!"

Eugene pressed her gently to his heart—questioned her kindly, and drew the whole secret of her love from the weeping girl.

"Who is he whom you love, Francesca?"

"My cousin, Ruy Diaz. Yonder he comes."

Ruy was approaching on horseback.

He reined in his steed by the side of Eugene's and dismounted.

He advanced towards the portico, but paused on seeing a stranger with Francesca. He surmised what had happened.

"Advance, my friend!" cried Eugene.

Ruy did so, and the rivals confronted each other. Eugene started back with an exclamation of surprise.

In Ruy Diaz he recognised the guerrilla chief who had saved his life.

They grasped each other's hand fervently.

"Morbien!" said Eugene; "to think you are my rival, and you let me go when you might have twisted my neck and no one would have been the wiser."

"I did not know of my cousin's vow then, or you might have fared worse," said Ruy, laughing.

Eugene did not join in the laugh; he was very thoughtful.

"My friends," he said, at length, "it seems I am one too many here. Francesca, you have kept your vow faithfully; I now release you from it—you are as free as air."

He placed her hand in Ruy's, and bent over them as if to bless the union.

Francesca felt a hot tear drop upon her hand, and yet Eugene's face was wreathed with smiles when he raised his head.

"Be happy, both," he said, vainly endeavouring to conceal his emotion, "and in the midst of your happiness, cherish an occasional thought to the memory of the poor soldier, Eugene Lejoyeux."

He sprang into his saddle, clapped spurs to his horse, and dashed away like the wind. They never saw him more.

Francesca became the wife of Ruy, and he never gave her reason to regret that Eugene had absolved her from her vow.

Years passed on in unmitigated happiness, and the name of Lejoyeux lost all unpleasant associations in the ears of Francesca, until it became the key which unlocked a pleasing reminiscence in her memory.

G. J. H.

THE longer Portland cement is in setting the better it will be. At the end of a year, 1 part of cement to 1 part of sand is about the strength of neat cement. Strong cement is heavy, blue gray in colour, and sets slowly. The less water used in mixing cement the better.

## SCIENCE.

**DIRECT MANUFACTURE OF SOAP WITH SALT.**—If grease, fat, or rosin, which are commonly employed to make soap, are heated with an excess of common salt, ammonia, and water, a soda soap separates, leaving chloride of ammonia in the liquor, together with the excess of ammonia and salt. This reaction is the consequence of the great solubility of ammonia soap in ammoniacal water, and the insolubility of soda soap in water containing more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of salt. The ammonia at first unites with fatty acids; then the sodium in the salt exchanges places with the ammonia in the soap, forming, as we said, a soda soap and chloride of ammonia. It is essential that there be an excess of ammonia and salt present in order that the reaction take place. One hundred parts of grease require 15 to 20 parts ammonia, 20 to 30 parts salt, and 200 to 300 of water.

**A SOLAR ENGINE.**—M. Mouchot has recently exhibited to the French Academy of Sciences a simple form of solar engine. It consists of a cone of polished tin, reversed and arranged so that its interior can be adjusted toward the sun. In the axis of the vessel is suspended a large flask of white glass, inside of which is a metal boiler covered with lamp black. The rays concentrated by the mirror-like surface of the cone, traverse the glass easily, and are accumulated on the boiler, in which they speedily produce an ebullition of the water and steam sufficient to drive a miniature engine. By increasing the dimensions of the apparatus M. Mouchot has obtained a utilizable force, and produced, after three-quarters of an hour's exposure to the sun, a boiler pressure of sixty pounds of steam.

**IMPROVEMENT IN SAFETY-LAMPS.**—An improvement in safety-lamps has been devised by M. A. B. Boullenoit, of Paris. It consists in supplying safety-lamps with air from outside the mine. Fixed pipes are carried down the mine, and branches are led into all the workings. Through these compressed air is forced from the surface by air-pumps, and lamps are screwed to the air-pipes. The cylinder which incloses the flame is protected by a cage, and the products of combustion pass off through two pieces of wire gauze. The match for lighting the lamp is inserted through a spring clip, ignited within the lamp, and cannot be withdrawn until extinguished.

**VARNISH FOR GLASS.**—Terquem prepares a varnish for glass on which drawings can be made, either with India ink or with ordinary ink. Four parts of gum mastic and 8 parts sandarac are placed in a well-closed bottle, with 8 parts of 95 per cent. alcohol, and warmed on a water-bath, then filtered. When used, the glass is heated to 122 degs. to 140 degs., and the varnish flowed over it. After the drawing is done, it is flowed with a weak solution of gum. The varnish is very hard, and on warm glass it is brilliant and transparent, but when cold it is opaque and absorbs the ink. It can be employed for putting labels on glass bottles, etc. A thin solution of gelatin applied to a plate of glass, which is supported horizontally until dry, makes a good surface for pen and ink drawings for transparencies.

## THE FACULTY OF MEMORY.

The faculty of memory is one of the first to be obviously affected by disease. When disease for a time seems to suspend the action of this faculty, or visibly to diminish it, the result is not looked upon as phenomenal, for it is common and expected. But when disease increases the power of this faculty, a thing not uncommon, the patient is not unfrequently regarded as possessing more than human wisdom, and the case usually excites comment as one of great mystery.

Dr. Steinbech mentions the case of a clergyman who, being summoned to administer the sacrament to an illiterate peasant, found the patient praying aloud in Greek and Hebrew. The case was deemed well-nigh miraculous.

After the peasant's death it was found that he was accustomed in youth to hear the parish minister pray in those languages, and it was inferred that he must have been repeating remembered words without understanding their meaning.

Dr. Abercrombie relates the circumstance of a more remarkable case. A poor shepherd girl was for a time accustomed to sleep in a room adjoining that occupied by an itinerant musician. The man was an artist by education, a lover of his profession, and often spent a large portion of the night in practising difficult compositions. The violin was his favourite instrument.

At last the shepherd girl fell ill, and was removed to a charitable institution. Here the attendants were amazed at hearing the most exquisite music in the night, in which were recognised finely rendered passages from the best works of the old masters.

The sounds were traced to the shepherd girl's room, where the patient was found playing the violin in her sleep.

Awake, she knew nothing of these things, and exhibited no capacity for music.

## INTEMPERATE WEATHER.

I wish Christopher Columbus had not discovered America, for, in that case, I should probably have been to-day in some cooler place than New York. I don't suppose there is a hotter one anywhere in this world. Nothing could make me believe that the tropics are any worse. People would fry and frizzle there, if there were.

It's not so much that I am so warm myself; for I can be as quiet as I choose, and can have a fan and more ice-water than is good for me, if I please. But when I think of the hundreds of people hard at work, in the middle of the day, on the tops of buildings, on docks, on the roofs of stages, in the midst of broad fields, in all places where the sun has greatest power, I find it impossible to take advantage of my more fortunate situation and "keep cool."

M. K. D.

## FACETIÆ.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE PROTECTION OF SEAMEN.  
(By an Indignant Anti-Plimsollite.)

1. That no Officer shall address a Sailor with his head covered.
2. That all vessels shall be provided with spring-beds and hair-mattresses for the use of Sailors.
3. That no Sailor shall be required to do duty when it rains, or when the deck is wet.
4. That no Sailor shall be prevented from taking his wife to sea, and, if he desires it, his family.
5. That the Captain shall always have in stock not less than twelve bassinets and twelve infants' bottles.
6. That no Sailor shall be required to stand at the wheel in summer without a parasol, or in winter without a hot-water tin. Parasols and hot-water tins to be supplied by the Captain.
7. That there shall be one portrait of Mr. Plimsoll, not less than 2ft. by 1 ft. 6 in., in all forecables, and that the Captains shall always have not less than three in stock.
8. That no Sailor shall be required to go aloft after sunset, unless provided with lanterns, which one of the Officers shall hold for him.

Any breach of the above Regulations shall be punished by a fine not exceeding £200 for the first offence, and for the second, £300, together with suspension of certificate.

By Order of the Committee,

(Signed)—for the B<sup>rd</sup> of Trade,

THOS. GUNTER, Secretary.

—Punch.

## AN ACCEPTED ATTENTION.

REFRESHMENT-BAR SWELL: "Now, miss, what will you have?"

BARMAID: "Nothing, sir, thank you!"

SWELL: "Oh, have something! Come—anything you like!"

BARMAID: "Well, sir"—(presents pen, ink, and subscription list)—"give me something for the hospital fund!"

—Punch.

## "BRING UP A CHILD."

A CHILD ought to be properly balanced if he is to be placed in the weigh he should go. No half measures.

—Fun.

## CURIOUS.

We are born into the world, and borne out of it. 'Tis a bourne, however, with a difference.

—Fun.

HOW TO SEE A JOKE.—Wear giggle lamps.

—Fun.

## ANOTHER ATROCITY.

OLD SPUFFINS: "I can't understand all this 'ere fuss about them there Bulgarian's 'trocities. It's all along of them muselmenn Turks a not usin' good useful sperrets as soothes the mind and is cool and refreshin' to the brain; but, as we've offen said, Billy, Teetotallers in the lump is bad."

—Fun.

## "THE MEAT SUPPLY."

BATHING-MAN: "Yes, mum, he's a good old 'orse yet. And he's been in the salt water so long, he'll

make capital billed beef when we're done with him!!!"

—Punch.

## "CROOKED WAYS."

RUSTIC:—"Good-bye, Betty, we been going for good!"

BETTY:—"Then mind thee don't miss the way—it be the first time thee's ever been on that road, I'm thinkin'!"

—Fun.

## "A RANDOM SHOT."

"An, Ponto, old fellow! how's the lumbago, and how's all at home?"

"Better, thanks. I'm a bachelor just at present—wife's visiting the mother."

"Ah! then you're a fish-out-o' water."

"Precisely—hot water!"

—IGN'OMAN.

COCKNEY TOURIST: "What is the name of this vessel, mister?"

FELLOW TRAVELLER: "Iona, sir!"

COCKNEY TOURIST: "Do you, indeed, sir! But I didn't ask you who owned 'er, sir, but what 'er name was!"

—Fun.

WHEN a young fellow goes out between the acts at the theatre now, they say he has gone to see his aunts.

## THE REASON.

A GENTLEMAN who held a responsible position under Government, concluded to change his lodgings. He sent one of the waiters of the hotel where he had selected apartments after his luggage. Meeting the waiter an hour afterwards, he said:

"Well, John, did you bring my luggage down?"

"No, sir!" blandly responded the man.

"Why, what was the reason?"

"Sir, the gentleman in the office said you had not paid your bill."

"Not paid my bill? Why, that's singular; he knew me very well when he kept the Girard House."

"Well, maybe," replied John, thoughtfully scratching his head, "that was the reason why he wouldn't give me the luggage."

## "OFFICERS' GRIVANCES."

RED NOSED CAPTAIN OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' SERVICE (to stout ditto): "Beastly shame to 'Retire' us just as we are getting useful!"

—Punch.

BROOKER: "Why, I gave you something this morning. Tell me why you come for me so soon again."

BEGGAR: "Well, fact is I'm trying to get all I can. One doesn't know how long you Exchange fellows are going to last."

## HOUSEHOLD ART.

KEEPING the front blinds closed and the door-plate dirty in July and August.

## CONSOLATION.

WIFE: "Oh, dear, why did you give me pearls? Don't you know they're a sign of misfortune?"

HUSBAND: "Those pearls won't bring misfortune to anybody."

WIFE: "Why?"

HUSBAND: "They're imitation."

WHY is a big A like a clever lodging-house keeper?—Because it's a capital letter.

Fun.

## "GENTLE ANNIE."

TOMMY: "I say, Annie, let's ask mother to give us an 'oliday from school, this afternoon?"

ANNIE: "Oh, no, Tommy, I 'oared 'em say as Billy Purvis and three more boys was to be flogged this afternoon, and it is such fun to see—and to hear 'em screech!"

—Fun.

WHEN you reflect, says a country paper, that at poodles a hundred years ago it was the custom for the girls to stand up in a row and let the men kiss them all good-bye, all this enthusiasm about national progress seems to be a grave mistake.

## THE INTELLIGENT BRITISH PEASANT.

TOURIST: "Can you tell me where Shakespeare's house is? You know Shakespeare?"

PEASANT: "Oh! aye! be you he?"

On a Kentucky rapid transit line, recently, a passenger stopped the brakeman as he was passing through, and asked:

"How fast does this train go? A mile an hour?"

"It goes fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get out and walk," was the rejoinder.

"I would," replied the disgusted passenger, settling back in the corner of his seat, "but my friends won't come for me until the train gets in, and I don't want to be waiting in the depot for two or three hours."

The brakeman passed on.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S OBSERVATIONS.

"Ain't you expried to see me?" said a five-year-old girl, as she tripped into my house in the midst of a rain storm. "The rain fell all over me like it fell down through a strainer, and I shooked it off, but it

won't stay shooked. I asked Heaven to stop, but there was a big thunder in the way, and it could hear me, I underspeak; and I most know it couldn't see me, 'cause a black cloud got over my head as black as anything! Nobody couldn't see little girls through black clouds. I'm going to stay till the sun shines, and then when I go home, Heaven will look down and say, 'Why, there's Nettie!'

THOSE RACE HORSE MEN.

Mrs. CROCKER loves to read a daily paper. She begins at the name and reads to the last line on the fourth page, skipping nothing. She hasn't a first-class college education, but it is seldom that anything printed in the papers is too much for her. She got "stuck" the other day, however, and this is how it happened:

There was a report of a horse race, and she began to read it. She got down to where it said "John Jay names g. g. Dick," and mused:

"He names g. g., does he? Now what in the world is a g. g.? I've been to the races several times, and I never saw a g. g."

She puzzled over it until old Mr. Thomson came over, and she asked him what it could mean.

"John Jay names g. g.," he mused. "Why that's as plain as day. He names a grey goat, of course, and the name of that grey goat is Dick."

"What is a goat doing at a horse race?" asked Mrs. Crocker.

"I don't know," he replied; "but John Jay had one there, sure's you're born."

She took the paper and read that James Thomas named b. m. "Troubadour," and she wanted to know what on earth that meant.

"That means—that means," he replied, scratching his head, "that means that James Thomas has his big mule there, and that his big mule was named Troubadour."

"I never heard of a mule at a horse race," she protested.

"But it seems that this was a big mule, and so they let him in," he explained.

THE BABY IS GONE!

THERE is a white hatchment over the portal—a long streamer of snowy crape trails from the muffled bell-knob, like a film of ghostly morning mist.

We know that an impalpable footstep has fallen on this threshold; that a shadowy hand has knocked at this shrouded door; that the dread visitant, who will not be denied, nor turned away, has entered here. He has entered, and departed; but the veiled mourner, Sorrow, who treads solemnly after him, has stayed behind.

His ruthless hand has plucked the whole bud of promise that gladdened the fair garland of household love—the bud that breathed the yet infolded perfume of sweet but undefined hopes, that coming years would ripen to fruition. His remorseless foot has fallen beside this hearthstone—and, lo! the dread footprint has hollowed a little grave! The baby is dead.

The tiny image, white as sculptured parian, lies yonder on its snowy cushion, draped in spotless fabrics, and wreathed with funeral flowers. The mother bends with anguished eyes above the still, small effigy of her lost hope, but the baby is not there.

Out of her arms, and out of her life something has gone that will not return. The sealed lids above will uplift from happy sleep; the wondering eyes will search her face no more.

Never again the chill, soft lips will drain the fountains of her aching heart.

The little, restless hands lie still and pulseless, frozen into eternal quiet, their silken touches, vague and aimless as the kisses of the south wind, will steal into her bosom, and soothe her weariness, and lure her griefs no more!

She realises this, with all the live, pulsating agony of newly-bereaved motherhood, as she leans above the dainty coffin, and slow, scalding tears, wrung from the very fibres of her bruised life, drop one by one on the unconscious face.

STATISTICS.

**PAUPER RELIEF.**—A return has been presented to Parliament showing the number of paupers in receipt of relief in each union in England in 1860, 1870, and 1874. In the metropolis, whilst the population increased between 1860 and 1874 from 2,802,567 to 3,252,358 (taking the census of 1871 as the basis), the number of indoor paupers increased from 25,430

to 41,186, and of outdoor paupers from 63,323 to 77,180, the number per 1,000 of the population being in 1860, 31.6, and in 1874 36.3. In 1870, however, it was 50.9. The cost of total relief amounted in 1860, to a rate of 5s. 8d. per head of the population, and in 1874 to 10s.—the total in the latter year being £1,633,182. The totals for the kingdom show that with an increase of population, from 19,785,473 to 22,712,266 in the years referred to, there has been an increase from 117,117 to 152,279 in the number of indoor, and a decrease from 727,556 to 680,091 in the number of outdoor paupers. The proportion of paupers to each 1,000 of the population decreased between 1860 and 1874 from 42.6 to 36.6, but the cost per head of the population increased from 5s. 5d. to 6s. 8d., the totals being £5,337,851 and £7,664,957 respectively.

BAITING THE HOOK.

"Won't you bait my hook?" she said,  
Turning round her lovely head—  
Rod and tackle o'er me dazling.  
"Though I love to catch the fish,  
Handling bait is not my wish  
When I'm with a lover angling."

"Heaven protect," I cried, and took  
In my grasp the tiny hook,  
"From such toil my lily-handed!"  
Baited, back the hook I gave;  
She returned it to the wave,  
And another leaper landed.

Merrymakers half a score,  
We were fishing off the shore,  
All with sport and love enraptured;  
Rocked our boat upon the bay,  
Numbers of the finny prey  
From the liquid deeps we captured.

Often I the bait increased,  
From the barb the fish released,  
Saved the wayward line from entangling;  
Happy, with my heart a-dance,  
If I got one grateful glance  
From that lovely lady angling.

But when, at a later day,  
My devoirs I sought to pay,  
She with laughter me rewarded,  
Just as on that fishing day  
She the gasping, struggling prey  
Had with cruel glee regarded.

Sad, confused, I could not guess  
What had caused her fickleness,  
Till, all other suitors dimming,  
Flashy fin, the millionaire,  
(Gills agape, head high in air)  
Through the human tide came swimming.

Beauty, wit and ardent look  
Baited well her subtle hook,  
Which he bolted as he bounded;  
And a swift, triumphant glance  
Upon me she turned askance  
As her gold-fish she impounded.

Now, whenever a lady smiles,  
And on me exerts her wiles,  
Just to show her points divinely,  
That the choicer, richer few  
May swim up to woo and sue,  
And their fortunes yield supinely,

Straightway many a shining fin  
See I darting out and in  
Liquid deeps remote and shady,  
And unto myself I say,  
As I shyly draw away,  
"Bait your own hook, little lady!"

N. D. U.

GEMS.

We are not called upon to exercise judgment so much as mercy and love.  
He who will not reason is a bigot; he who dares not reason is a coward; he who cannot reason is a fool.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad—the rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the mourning of the sea.

The error of one thoughtless moment may become the sorrow of a whole life.

Occupation, action of any kind, is as opposed to

sentimentality as fire to water; and a few years of labour or study, even a few months or weeks, will bring a young head into the right track.

The human heart is like a feather-bed; it must be roughly handled; well shaken and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard.

The chief art of learning is to attempt but a little at a time. The wildest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**GINGER BEER.**—Brown sugar, 3 lbs., ginger root, bruised, 2 oz., cream of tartar, 1 oz., lemons, sliced, 4. Boil for two hours in four gallons of water, strain, add one-half pint of yeast, and water enough to make four gallons in all. When fermentation has well begun, it must be bottled, and kept well corked.

**PASTE FOR BOILED PUDDINGS.**—Pick and chop very fine half a pound of beef-suet, add to it one pound and a quarter of flour, and a little salt; mix it with half a pint of water or milk, and beat it well with the rolling-pin, to incorporate the suet with the flour.

**CORN-MEAL MUFFINS.**—Full cup of flour, also one of Indian meal (white is the best), one egg, one and one-half cups sour or buttermilk, one-half tablespoon lard, one-half teaspoon soda or saleratus dissolved in the milk, one tablespoon sugar, little salt.

**CORNBREAD.**—Pour boiling water on one pound of sifted white corn-meal and two tablespoonfuls of flour, with a heaping teaspoonful of salt; then dash in enough cold water to make it a stiff batter, cover it over, and let it stand all night. In the morning melt a tablespoonful of lard, butter, or bacon grease, and mix well. Add eggs if liked; no sugar or molasses. Grease the pans well, and bake quickly in a hot oven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE TREAD-MILL OF LIFE.**—Round, round round, it goes, this tread-mill of life, and he who stops in its eternal march, finds himself in a bad predicament. We really wish the thing could stop, just long enough to give one time to take breath, but it won't. Tramp, tramp, tramp, we must keep going up the weary steps, which sink, beneath our footfall, and keep us going for ever in one continuous round. Sick and weary, depressed in spirit and at heart—no matter—on, on, on we go, while the world glides from beneath us, and each successive step finds but another like its own which must be taken. Such is life in our experience, and really we suppose whatever we feel inclined to think sometimes, that it does not vary so widely from the lot of others.

**MAN AND THE MONKEY.**—A live gorilla has arrived in England. He is called a "baby," although he is already three feet in height. On his arrival, five hundred pounds was at once offered for him, and refused, a much higher price being demanded, on the ground that he resembles man more than any other gorilla yet discovered. It is thus apparent that the more closely a monkey resembles a man the more he is worth; while the rule has to be reversed to work the other way, for, by common consent, the more a man resembles a monkey the less he is good for!

**MR. J. S. CLARKE** has returned to the Strand from his visit to the Haymarket. His Doctor Pangloss and Major Wellington De Boots must be seen to be properly appreciated.

**MR. JOHN D'AUBAN**, one of the cleverest of our comic dancers and inventive of ballet masters, is we understand, engaged for the forthcoming pantomime at the Alexandra Palace. It is a judicious retainer and will doubtless prove advantageous to both parties.

**MISS LYDIA THOMPSON**, Miss Rachel Sanger, Miss Violet Cameron, Mr. Edison, Mr. Lionel Brough, and other members of the "Lydia Thompson" company, reappear this night (16th September) at the Charing Cross Theatre. "Robinson Crusoe" is the piece for the opening night.

The novelty at the Alhambra is to be founded on Cervantes' immortal romance "Don Quixote de La Mancha."

We are happy to hear that Mr. Compton is improving in health. The stage cannot spare our greatest of Shaksperian comedians.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Thanks from the Editor for kind present of birds.

R.—The use of cosmetics is highly prejudicial to the health, because they interrupt the natural perspiration. When cosmetics were the rage in fashionable society, it was no unusual circumstance for ladies to expire suddenly in ball-rooms or die of bilious fevers—all of which casualties were attributed by the medical fraternity to the prevailing rage for plastering the skin with every species of villainous ingredient that would produce a temporary whiteness.

LAURA.—We advise you to study your parents and show to them your earnest wish to try the stage, and remember you require an education that is suitable for such a profession, without which you will not reach a very prominent position. Your writing needs great improvement.

CONSTANT READER.—We still maintain a belief that it is very imprudent for a gentleman to marry a lady older than himself, as in a few years hence, when the infatuation that prompted him to take the lady as a wife is worn off, he will be seeking the society of ladies younger than himself, and thereby cause misery to those around him. There is of course exception to every rule. The reply to your last question can only be answered by your own discretion, which should guide you to a decorous mode of conduct as to the accepting of a kiss from a gentleman. And again, if it be a gentleman, he will not offer a salute by a kiss otherwise than as a gentleman should do.

VIVIAN.—The King of Rome, better known as the Duke de Reichstadt, was the son of Napoleon the Great by an Austrian princess, and was born in 1811, and in the current history of France is styled Napoleon III.

HEBECCA.—To remove superfluous hair: Quicksilver, two ounces; yellow erpiment, one ounce; litharge, one ounce. Mix together and sift through silk, and then dilute with soap and water till they become a paste. Anoint the part and let it dry for five minutes, then scratch off the hair with the nail and wash immediately afterwards in warm water.

JANE.—Blushing may be prevented by mixing frequently in well informed society, cultivating a cool and collected manner, neither doing nor thinking any harm, and storing the mind with every variety of useful information.

S. C.—Love at first sight is a kind of delusion, a bewilderment of the senses. Real love is the result of acquaintance, similarity of tastes and harmony of temper. The other feeling does not rank so respectably as the violent passion of a child for a glittering toy.

MIRIAM.—The moon has no clouds nor any other indications of an atmosphere. Hence its climate must be very extraordinary, changing at once from scorching sunshine, uninterrupted for a whole fortnight, to the keenest cold of a biting frost, far exceeding in intensity our arctic winters for the same space of time. Sir John Herschel says that "owing to the small density of the materials of the moon and the comparatively feeble gravitation of bodies on her surface, muscular force would there go six times as far in overcoming the weight of materials as on earth." That is, that a man would be six times stronger if he were in the moon than he is now that he stands on our globe. Some of our old school lessons we have had to unlearn. One was that the appearance of water could be perceived in the moon. Astronomers of the first order tell us that the dusky spots which are commonly called seas, when closely examined, present appearances not to be reconciled with the supposition of deep water. Nothing having the character of seas can be traced. It must be evident that from the want of air there can be no form of life in the moon like those we have existing around us. Telescopes must be improved before we shall be able to settle the question if there be inhabitants there.

X. D.—The love which you describe is more likely to prove a genuine and permanent sentiment than the passion which takes birth all in a moment. When a lady waits before she gives her final decision, communicates with herself, examines into the state of her own heart, and then pronounces the witching monosyllable, "yes," she is much more likely to be acting sincerely and candidly, as well as prudently than if she were at once to give the affirmative answer without adequate reflection. T. M.—Ants are destroyed by opening the nests, putting in quicklime and throwing water on it.

C. L. M.—It is sheer nonsense to give genius the credit for the wonders performed by intellect. Genius is nothing without work. Idleness is the blight of genius, and no idle man ever became really great. Look at the lives of great men, and you will soon find that their greatness was the result of intense and incessant labour. Gibbon was in his study every morning, summer and winter, at six o'clock. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings. Leibnitz was rarely out of his library. Pascal killed himself by study. Cicero narrowly escaped death by the same cause. Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or attorney. Genius may suggest, but labour performs, and we earnestly advise you to disabuse your mind of the absurd notion that the brain executes wonders without effort, as it were spontaneously.

AGNES wishes to know how a needle is made, but when we tell her that it would occupy nearly the whole of this page to do justice to a description of the process she will excuse us from entering into it. Let it here suffice that every sewing needle, however inconsiderable in size, passes through the hands of 120 operatives before it is ready for sale.

J. B. T.—Sunday is the first day of the week. It was the day of worship of the sun by the ancient Teutons and Celts, and was early adopted as the Christian day of prayer.

ALICE M.—A marriage between a man of forty and a woman of twenty, provided it is one of mutual affection, cannot be objected to either on natural or moral grounds. The parties have to please themselves and relatives and not the censorious world. Besides, such unions are common, and if they were more frequent it would be beneficial to woman's social condition, for the number of the unmarried in this country of both sexes is alarming both to the moralist and economist.

H. N.—Cooper's Effervescing Lozenges are especially adapted for travellers, visitors to the theatres, public speakers and singers. They are sold in shilling bottles and can be obtained of any chemist.

DELIA.—The true secret of happiness is to take it as it comes to us, moment by moment, in the little hourly rounds of our every-day duties. Looking forward to happiness in the future and neglecting that which is present is something like converting the chase of butterflies into an occupation.

## DONALD AND MARY.

Forced am I to fly and leave ye,  
I daresay 'stay' are moment-mair,  
Loth I am the while to grieve thee;  
Though my heart with woe is sair,  
My country calls, my comrades wait;  
Sper for me a'lang the shore,  
We'll meet again—go over greeting;  
The trampet sounds, my time is o'er.

Oh, Donald, dear, my heart is breaking,  
How weel I loe thee ye surely know;  
From happy dreams has sad the waking,  
My heart seems cauld as winter's snow.  
I'll come again, my winsome Mary,  
From far across the stormy sea,  
To thy loe'd name in melody.  
Whaur aye mair we'll happy be.

Sae noo farweel, the sails are spreading,  
The signal flies from topmast peak.  
Then why see sad our parting dreading,  
I canna bide or langer speak.  
Eh, Donald, dear, my ain, my loe'd aye,  
My heart is sair and lu' of wae!  
And I will greet when ye're awa, mon,  
Sailing on the dreary sea.  
Aye mair farweel, my bonnie laddie;  
Oh, whaur's ye gae? I dinna ken,  
I feel aye sad, my heart is wearie,  
Till I my Donald see again. F. S.

M. M. twenty-nine, 5ft. 5in., very dark, in a well-to-do position in the Army, would like to correspond with a young lady of good education with small income and fair.

G. F. D. twenty-four, tall, dark, in a good position in the Army, considered handsome and with good future prospects would like to correspond with a dark lady with a view to matrimony.

A. H. seventeen, medium height, dark complexion and of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated would like to correspond with a young man not over twenty-one and in a good position; respondent must be dark and fond of home.

MARIE and FRANK, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men a little older than themselves with a view to matrimony. Marie is sixteen, has brown hair and blue eyes. Frank is sixteen, has brown hair and eyes.

FRANK and GEORGE, two stewards in the Royal Navy wish to correspond with two young ladies between nineteen and twenty-two; respondents must be fond of home and domesticated and moderately good looking. Frank twenty-one, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes and considered good looking. George, twenty, tall, dark complexion, blue eyes, considered good looking by his shipmates. Residents of Liverpool preferred.

BILL, nineteen, dark hair, blue eyes, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty-three. Respondent must be dark, of a loving disposition and fond of home. A mechanic preferred.

LIZZIE, eighteen, light hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty; must be dark of a loving disposition and fond of dancing.

FLYING JIB and FLIZZO ROYAL, two seamen in the Royal Navy wish to correspond with two young ladies between eighteen and nineteen, domestic servants preferred. Flying Jib, twenty-one, medium height, fair complexion, blue eyes, light brown hair. Flying Royal, twenty-two, medium height, dark complexion, black hair and hazel eyes. Both considered good looking.

WILLIAM, JOHN and JAMES, three seamen in the Royal

Navy wish to correspond with three young ladies. William, twenty-five, medium height, dark complexion. John, twenty-four, tall, fair complexion. James, twenty-six, medium height. All fond of home.

UNION JACK, a signalman, twenty-four, dark hair and whiskers and considered good looking would like to correspond with a lady with a view to matrimony; respondent must be good looking, of a loving disposition, fond of home and children and not over twenty-two.

BOOM TIPPING LIFT, a seaman in the Royal Navy Barrack, twenty, good looking, rather tall wishes to correspond with a young lady about nineteen with a view to matrimony.

AMELIA, dark hair, hazel eyes and considered good tempered would like to correspond with a young gentleman, an officer in the Army preferred.

MOLLY, twenty-two, rather tall, good looking and very domesticated would like to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy between twenty and twenty-four. Good looking and tall.

ROLAND, dark considered good looking, fond of home and with good prospects wishes to correspond with a fair young lady about nineteen, of a loving disposition and fond of music and home.

DAVID, seventeen, dark and considered good looking wishes to correspond with a young gentleman about nineteen or twenty.

HAPPY HARRIETT, twenty-one, a domestic, would like to correspond with a respectable mechanic not over thirty with a view to matrimony.

TOM BY—ELEANOR, eighteen, black hair and eyes, fair complexion rather short, very domesticated.

BON BY—LETTIE, twenty-five, tall, fair complexion, dark hair and brown eyes.

LOVELY NELLY, twenty-two, medium height, fair hair and blue eyes, of a very loving disposition would like to correspond with a respectable young man about twenty-eight, one in the Fire Brigade preferred.

WILLIAM, twenty-four, dark complexion and hair, with 150l. per annum would like to correspond with a fair young lady, well educated, loving and a Christian, with about 80l. per annum private fortune; respondent must be rather short and above twenty-two.

FRANK, a signalman in the Royal Navy, twenty-two, tall, fair complexion and of a kind and affectionate disposition would like to correspond with an amiable young lady fond of home and music.

ABRAHAM, a painter in the Royal Navy, twenty-four, tall, dark complexion wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

GEORGE is responded to by—Henrietta.

KELLY by—Augusta, thirty-seven, thinks she is all that he requires.

FRED B. by—Lilly S., twenty-one, who thinks she is all he requires.

EDWIN by—Ada, who thinks she is all he requires.

GEORGE F. by—Maggie, twenty-four, fair complexion, medium height, very fond of home and thinks she is all he requires.

E. H. by—Annie, very domesticated and would make a good wife to an affectionate husband.

HARRY by—Hosa, who thinks she is all he requires.

W. S. C. by—Sweet Ada, eighteen, considered pretty, tall, dark eyes and fair hair; plays the piano, can dance and thinks she is all he requires.

J. H. by—Jeanie, twenty, fair, very domesticated, fond of home and thinks she is all he requires.

M. C. A. by—Maud, seventeen, medium height, dark, considered good looking.

MARY by—John, twenty-five, medium height, dark complexion, of a loving disposition and holding a good position in the City. Would like to exchange cartes.

WILLIAM by—Marie W., nineteen, tall and fair, gray eyes, fond of home and children.

AGNES ROSE by—Lottie T., who thinks she is all he requires.

JIM by—May Flower, twenty-three, medium height and dark and thinks she is all he requires.

HARRY by—Edith, eighteen.

E. H. by—Polly B., twenty, dark and of a loving disposition.

STEEL SWORN by—Minnie, twenty, dark complexion, considered good looking, fond of home and thinks she is all he requires.

EDWIN by—M. A. C., a widow, fond of home and children.

J. H. A. by—Agnes B., thirty, thoroughly domesticated and thinks she is all he requires.

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